TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

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HUGHES HEADS DELEGATION IN ARMS CONFAB

Harding Invites Powers Formally and Selects Chief for American Role in Conference.

[illegible] expectation that President Harding will act as a delegate to the disarmament conference was withdrawn by a White House announcement that he had definitely designated Secretary Hughes of the state department to head the American delegation.

It was said that other members are yet to be chosen, although the list is known to have narrowed considerably the list of those he considers available and may reach a point of other definite selections in the very near future. The exact role to be played by the President has been officially defined, the general expectation is that after delivering the opening address at the conference, Nov. 11, he will remain in the background of the negotiations, leaving direct contact with the foreign commissioners to his accredited representatives, but at the same time keeping in close touch with them and with all the proceedings of the conference.

By this course, Mr. Harding will occupy a position similar to that of President Poincaire of France when he opened the Versailles conference and then retired from actual participation in the proceedings. President Harding's close advisers are said to feel that by keeping away from details of the disarmament discussions he can reserve his efforts for the more important features and be so placed as to act as mediator for all the delegates in any disagreement that might threaten the conference.

Extends Formal Invitation.

President Harding's formal invitations to the allied and associated powers to attend the conference in Washington, Nov. 11, was cabled by Secretary of State Hughes to Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan. An invitation to China to participate at the conference in the discussion of Pacific and Far Eastern questions also was forwarded.

The invitation declares at the outset that present vast public expenditures by governments must be greatly reduced to free productive labor of the world from "an economic burden too heavy to be borne."

It points out the futility of looking for "stability or the assurance of social justice, or the security of peace, while wasteful and unproductive outlays deprive effort of its just reward and defeat the reasonable expectation of progress."

The greatest incumbrance upon enterprise and national prosperity, the President says, is the enormous expense of rival armaments.

"Avoidable or extravagant expense of this nature," the powers are told, "is not only without economic justification, but is a constant menace to the peace of the world rather than an assurance of its preservation."

Only Way to Halt Expenditures

The President emphasizes that there seems to be no ground for halting such expenditures unless the powers can agree upon a "satisfactory basis" for their limitation and in his opinion the time is now opportune for them to approach the subject "directly and in conference."

In this connection the President makes it clear that not only the question of naval armaments should be considered, but that relief for expenditures of all other armament should be discussed. In addition to this, the invitation says:

"It may also be found advisable to formulate proposals by which in the interest of humanity the use of new agencies of warfare may be suitably controlled."

Although none of the new agencies of warfare are mentioned in the invitation, it refers, of course, to the advisability of the nations of the world reaching an agreement to control the use of poison gases and other brutal agencies developed in the great war.

Whether the use of the submarine will come under this category was not discussed, in official quarters, but in the opinion of some of those interested in the conference the submarine undoubtedly will be discussed and proposals for an agreement as to the use of this tremendous instrumentality may be suggested.

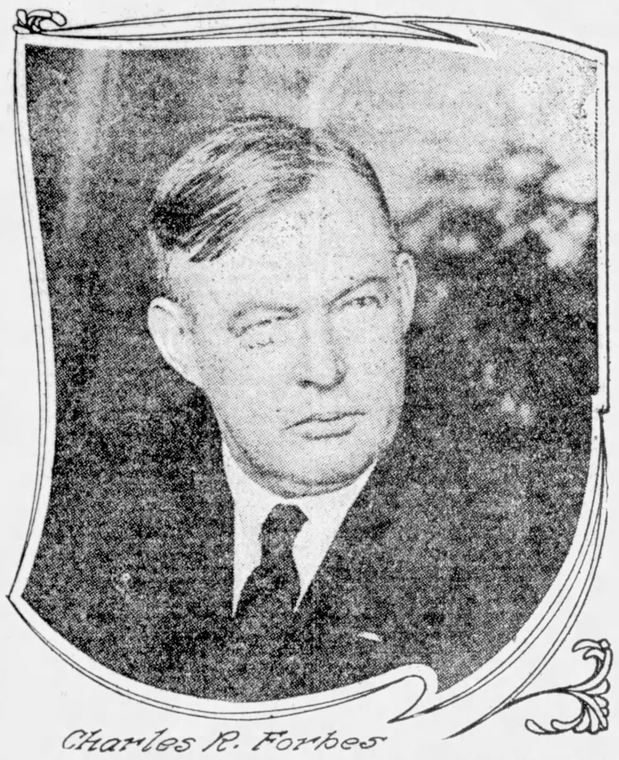
As to the scope of the conference the President asserts that it is not the purpose of the United States to attempt to define it in relation to the Pacific and Far East, leaving this to exchanges between the powers before the conference meets. But he is emphatic in asserting that there should be common understandings reached on matters which "have been and are" of international concern. It is assumed that this is intended to include such disputes as that over Shantung and Yap which Japan hopes to have eliminated as matters either already settled or of concern to not more than two powers.

Dr. Stone Had Reached Summit of Mt. Eanon

Proof that Dr. W. E. Stone, former president of Purdue university, reached the summit of Mount Eanon, an achievement hitherto unaccomplished, a moment before he fell to his death, has been found by the party which recovered his body, declared a dispatch from Banff, received by the Calgary, Can., Herald.

The party which included guides and amateur mountain climbers, raised a small cairn of stones to mark his achievement before they left for the Eau Claire camp with the body.

Heads Veteran Relief Bureau



Charles R. Forbes

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COL. CHARLES R. FORBES is the head of the Veteran Bureau and chief of the government forces for the relief of disabled soldiers. He becomes the head of the immense insurance business of the government and will be responsible for the average of a million dollars a day in meeting compensation and insurance claims. Col. Forbes is 44 years old. He served in the Somme offensive, the Argonne and the St. Mihiel drive.

Pound of Bread Costs $3,000 in Famine-Stricken Russia

A pound of bread in Russia costs 6,000 rubles or $3,000 at the prewar value of the Russian ruble, say refugees who arrived at Hull, England, from Russia. Oat flour sells at 2,500 rubles per pound.

There were 17 fugitives in the party reaching Hull, most of them British citizens. One man, who had been in the flour business for 31 years in Russia, described conditions for the London Daily Telegraph.

"The harvest was a complete failure. Very little seed was sown and the crops suffered from severe drouth. It is no exaggeration to say that Russia is a land without bread. The people are crying out for food, for black bread. Black bread is on sale at some places but the price is prohibitive. I have seen peasants exchange horses for bread. In Saratoff I saw 11 persons die of starvation in one night. I saw mothers throw their children into the Volga river rather than see them die of hunger."

Word was received at Russian relief headquarters from Riga that the negotiations between Walter L. Brown, director of American relief in Russia, and Boris Litvinoff, envoy of the Moscow soviet government, are proceeding satisfactorily. Mr. Brown is hopeful that additional American prisoners now are near the border on their way out of Russia. He is ready to undertake active work as soon as the rest of the Americans are safely out of the country.

News, Views and Reviews in This Paper

PEACE TERMS Great Britain offered Ireland have been made public. The government has offered to give Ireland the status of a dominion like Canada and Australia with control over its own taxation and military affairs, but a deadlock still prevents an agreement as the Sinn Feiners want independence.

Tax revision is now before congress, the ways and means committee of the house having prepared a program. Tentative plans provide for increasing the income tax exemption of married men from $2,000 to $2,500, and allowing $400 exemption for dependents instead of $200. The program slashes the taxes 555 millions. President Harding, in a statement, denies that the new tax program takes the burden from the rich man and shifts it to the shoulders of the poor.

Secretary of State Hughes will head the American delegation at the disarmament conference in Washington on Nov. 11. The President will not take an active part in the parley. Formal invitations have been extended the powers which have agreed to participate.

The labor problem is essentially a woman's problem. It is a problem of feelings and instincts rather than of agreements and statistics.—Roger W. Babson.

The women talk so much about disarmament—well, why don't they disarm? Why don't they begin it by disarming women?—Alice Robertson, Oklahoma's lady congressman.

When Great Britain and France failed to reach an agreement on the Silesian boundary question it was decided to refer the matter to the League of Nations, the first test that the league will get. A meeting has been called for August 20.

If all the hogs owned by Uncle Sam were made into one great big hog, he would be a whale and a whopper.—Sandles.

Russia is now freeing American prisoners in order to obtain relief from the United States.

Legislation is being framed by the administration which will stop the practice of former officeholders capitalizing the inside information they received while in office and obtaining beg fees as lawyers against the government.

Versailles and Geneva have failed to meet war ideals and post-war needs because there has been more of the cunning, selfish and sophisticated statesmen in their deliverances than the simple, sincere and straightforward spirit of Christ.—Ellis.

There is little prospect of final enactment of the anti-beer bill prior to the proposed recess of congress.

Asia is at the white man's doors, 900,000,000 strong. The biggest cloud on the horizon of the future is the yellow peril.—Dr. Legendre, French writer on Chinese and Asiatic subjects.

GRAIN CONTROL BILL ADOPTED

Senate Would Provide U. S. Regulation of Trading in Farm Crops.

The Capper-Tincher grain trading control bill passed the senate in record time last week. It took less than two hours, most of which was devoted to a speech by Senator Capper, Republican, Kansas, and now goes to conference.

As it passed the house, the bill imposed a prohibitive tax upon puts and calls and other speculative transactions and also upon exchanges which do not become "contract markets" under government supervision. It also admitted cooperative associations to membership upon exchanges.

The principal senate amendments propose to modify the records which members and exchanges must make of all transactions to be available to the secretary of agriculture to suspend members under certain conditions provide for government publicity of investigations conducted and business transacted, permit cooperative associations to rebate commissions and release sales of cash grain for deferred shipment from the operation of the act.

Senator Dial, Democrat, South Carolina, did not press as an amendment his bill to regulate grading in cotton futures trading.

BILL LOWERING TAXES IS LAID BEFORE HOUSE

Revision Measure Increases Exemption in Income Tax and Cuts Revenues by $350,000,000.

The administration tax revision bill was laid before the house of representatives Monday after the Republican membership of that body in conference had changed it as to make repeal of the excess profits tax and the income surtax rates in excess of 32 per cent, effective next January 1, instead of last January 1.

This change, on the basis of previous treasury estimates, would result in the corporations and individuals with large incomes paying to the government in the next calendar year something like $200,000,000 more than they would have paid had the administration plan of making the repeals retroactive prevailed

Total tax reductions for this fiscal year under the bill as revised were estimated by some majority members of the ways and means committee at $350,000,000 as against approximately $550,000,000 planned by committee Republicans, and the total tax yield at about $3,200,000,000

Increases Exemption.

The income tax section of the bill does not change the present normal taxes on individual incomes of 4 per cent on net income up to $4,000 and 8 per cent above that amount. The present provision on surtaxes is amended by providing that for the calendar year 1922 and thereafter upon the amount by which the net income exceeds $66,000, the rate shall be a flat 32 per cent instead of the existing rates which range as high as 65 per cent. The personal exemption provisions are amended by increasing from $2,000 to $2,500 the credit allowed to heads of families with net incomes of not more than $5,000 and by increasing the amount deductible by any person for each dependent from $200 to $400.

The corporation income tax is increased, effective for 1922 income, from 10 to 12½ per cent in lieu of the excess profits tax. The present $2,000 exemption applying to corporations is retained. In the case of a domestic life insurance company the 12½ per cent tax applies, but in the case of a foreign life insurance company the tax is 12½ per cent of its net income from sources within the United States.

Title V. in the bill repeals the 3 per cent tax on freight, the 8 per cent tax on passenger transportation and on seats and berths, the 8 per cent tax on the transportation of oil by pipe line and the tax of 1 cent for each 20 cents express charge.

It does not repeal the tax on telegraph and radio messages of 5 cents for messages on which the charge is less than 50 cents, and 10 cents for those above that amount. The present 10 per cent tax on the amount paid for leased wires, exclusive of those used for news purposes, also is retained.

The following manufacturers' taxes are proposed as substitutes for present soft drink taxes:

On cereal beverages, 6 cents a gallon instead of 15 per cent ad valorem

On unfermented fruit juices, 2 cents per gallon instead of 10 per cent

On all stilled drinks intended for consumption in the form in which sold, except mineral and table waters and apple cider, 3 cents per gallon instead of 10 per cent.

On finished or fountain syrups of kinds used in mixing soft drinks, 10 cents per gallon.

On carbonic acid gas sold to manufacturers of carbonated beverages or to persons conducting soda fountains, 5 cents per pound.

No More "Sody" Tax.

The present retail tax of 1 cent for each 10 cents for which soda water and ice cream are sold at soda fountains is repealed. It is provided that manufacturers subject to the new beverage taxes shall make monthly returns to the internal revenue bureau.

New provisions relative to excise taxes include the following:

Reduction in manufacturers' tax on sporting goods from 10 to 5 per cent.

Continued on Page Two.

What You Help to Hatch When You Feed This Bird

NOW, IF YOU'RE SURE THERE IS NO DANGER! I'M ENTERTAINING SOME FRIENDS, AND I'LL TAKE A CASE—BRING IT IN AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE!
AW, DON'T WORRY! IT'S A PIPE!
THE BOOTLEGGER
THE MAN WHO CONSIDERS HIMSELF A LAW ABIDING CITIZEN
THE BREEDING OF A UNIVERSAL EVER INCREASING CONTEMPT FOR THE LAW
THE WEAKENING OF PUBLIC PROTECTION THROUGH THE CORRUPTING OF PUBLIC OFFICIALS
THE BIG PROFITS, AND THE EASE AND SAFETY OF OPERATION ACTING AS AN INSPIRATION TO YOUTHFUL CRIMINALS
A CONTINUOUS GROWTH OF CRIME
THE ENLISTING OF MORE AND MORE YOUNG MEN INTO THE RANKS OF CRIME
WHEN THE BOOZE SUPPLY IS SLACK, THE TURNING OF THE GREAT BOOTLEGGERS TO OTHER CRIMES FOR EASY MONEY
HOUSE BREAKING, FORGERY, COUNTERFEIT
THE COMING OF THE MENTAL WHIRLWIND
YOUNG, COMMONLY, CRIMINALS INSPIRED BY THE TALES OF EASY MONEY, WHO CARRY MURDER—THE DEATH OF OFFICERS OF THE LAW—

Ireland in Columbus Dispatch.

W. G. SAYS TAX PROGRAM WON'T PUT BURDEN ON BACKS OF POOR

The oft-repeated claim that the new tax revision measure would shift the tax burden now borne by the rich to the backs of the poorer classes, has drawn a denial from President Harding that any such shifting is contemplated or will take place.

A statement issued at the White House, with the President's approval, declares that those who are most able to pay will continue under the terms of the new tax revision measure to bear the greater share of the cost of government. The President is determined that the new tax proposals shall not be discredited by enemies of the administration and he is convinced that the program as tentatively agreed to will constitute a long step toward restoration of improved conditions of general business.

"The social and economic bearings of the new proposals are significant," says the President's statement.

Proposal Is Analyzed.

"There has been no effort to relieve the rich of their share of burdens, but rather to insure that no class will be left an avenue of escape from these. A casual analysis of the proposal shows that what may be described as the rich man's taxes will produce about $1,800,000,000, while the balance will be distributed over the entire community, rich and poor; the rich being certain, because they are proportionately the greatest consumers, to pay a proportionately much greater share.

"For example, the reduction to 32 per cent of the highest income and surtax brackets is expected by the experts to actually produce more revenue from these sources than the present rates which prevent the transactions that would involve application of the high rates and thus keep taxes away from the government. Also, they drive money into tax-free securities to the distress of business. They lead to fraud and evasions. It has been calculated that aside from customs, half of the treasury personnel is engaged in collection of these taxes, and that their readjustment will permit reduction of this force by several thousand.

Basis Is Economy.

"The basis of the program, of course, is economy in expenditure. The tax burden is to be reduced $550,000,000 by cutting that amount off the government's requirements. To do this requires rigid and rapidly executed economies which the departments have undertaken to effect.

"Experience has shown, in dealing with the excess profits taxes, that where there is periodic selling, this tax is pyramided, multiplying the burden of the consumer, and inducing speculation and waste. It has been largely responsible for the intense speculation that followed the war. It is an unsatisfactory tax on which to base revenue estimates because its product of revenue is so extremely variable, and in the present epoch of reduced earnings it would entirely fail to produce the amount needed.

"The alternative to this tax is the increase of direct tax on all corporation earnings, rather than on excess profits. The present corporation tax is 10 per cent, but it is proposed to increase this to 12½ or 15 per cent, thus producing $222,500,000 more.

"In increasing the tax on corporation earnings, an exemption is made of those having earnings of $2,000 or less—the poor man's corporations. The number that would thus be exempted would exceed 300,000.

"The reduction and ultimate wiping out of the transportation tax will bring relief to both producer and consumer. The farmer, as a producer, finds this tax deducted from the value of what he produces, the consumer finds it added to the price of what he buys. It reaches both, and its abolition would be a great relief to both.

Abolish Nuisance Taxes.

"The so-called 'nuisance taxes' are to be done away with. They are a source of constant annoyance to the public, of expense to dealers who must make minute change over their counters, and are easily and constantly evaded. It is proposed to substitute for these an increase in the manufacturers' taxation mechanism already established, functioning efficiently, and sure to produce what is demanded.

"In short, the whole tax reform contemplates freeing business from what have been found paralyzing and exasperating restrictions, encouraging to the utmost the resumption of enterprise and business, removing every possible incentive to evasion and fraud, and distributing the tax burden with the greatest possible equity among all classes of the people, keeping in mind the purpose to impose the larger share on those best able to pay. It is believed that as the proposals are studied and it is increasingly realized to what extent they are adapted to these ends they will be recognized as a long step toward restoration of improved conditions of general business."

Movie Camera Spoils Pershing's Chance to Kiss a Pretty Girl

After General John J. Pershing spoke to 600 prospective guard officers at Fort Snelling recently, he was presented with a bouquet by Miss Marguerite Davis, a pretty girl.

General Pershing was visibly pleased. "I should salute you as the French generals do—with a kiss," he said as he bent over.

Miss Davis blushingly drew her hand away and said: "I guess I can't, general. There are too many movie cameras turned on us."

LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln has helped us to get acquainted with God. A study of his life strengthens one's belief in a great, loving and lovable Supreme Intelligence.

The late Franklin K. Lane expressed the hope that 1920 would be a Lincoln year, in which the people might look at things through Lincoln's eyes, "in which there was neither malice nor envy, but a great sympathy and a noble common sense."

Mr. Lane's devout wish should be extended to cover this year, and all the years to come. The nearer we get to the Lincoln standard the closer are we to the spirit of justice, simplicity and common sense.

As the years come and go the life of this great man is beginning to have a greater influence on the lives of men the world over.

When Abraham Lincoln closed his eyes for the last time, Secretary Stanton, who stood at the bedside, said: "He belongs to the ages!"

Stanton's phrase has given Irving Bacheller the theme for a story that covers the life of Lincoln from rugged young manhood to the hour of his triumph and his tragic death.

Mr. Bacheller has written faithfully of his hero and kept true to the atmosphere in which he lived and developed. The story is true in its simplicity and faithful to circumstances.

This paper, The Weekly Blade, has arranged to print the Bacheller story serially, beginning soon. Through it our readers will get in closer touch with the life of one of America's immortals.

Mr. Bacheller's story is entitled "A Man for the Ages." By reading it one may know Lincoln intimately, trust God with a firmer faith, and feel for humanity with greater intensity.

Service Men Employed

Demobilized South African soldiers have been given all vacant positions in the police and railroad services. This action has resulted in rejuvenating both branches.

BRITAIN DENIES IRELAND RIGHT OF SECESSION

Lloyd George's Peace Offer and De Valera's Reply Insisting on Independence Made Public.

Great Britain's peace offer to Ireland which denied the right of secession was rejected by De Valera, who insisted on doctrinaire independence but left the door open for further negotiations. Though many have taken the view that a breaking of the deadlock is possible, developments caused a wave of deep-seated pessimism.

When Premier Lloyd George made public the entire correspondence between himself and Eammon De Valera, head of the Irish Republicans, including the Irish chieftain's reply, it was revealed that England offers to Ireland the fullest dominion status, with complete control over all functions of government, even including an Irish army.

De Valera's reply was an argumentative rejection, insisting on doctrinaire independence, but leaving the door open for further negotiations. The cabinet's reply reiterates its refusal of separation, but invites further parley.

The premier's offer still stands, guaranteeing full dominion status and the fullest control of internal affairs, the territorial army and the nation's own police, with the reservations regarding the navy and taxation. The premier's offer bars interstate protective duties by either party, and provides that Ulster must be left alone.

Ulster is still standing aloof. Sir James Craig wrote to Lloyd George that Ulster is standing aside in the interests of peace and will not interfere between the South of Ireland and Great Britain.

Ulster's position is understood to be that it is against the interests of Ulster to settle on the basis proposed to the Sinn Fein, but that Ulster is prepared to co-operate on equal terms with the South when the South has settled with England.

In his final letter Mr. Lloyd George denied Ireland's right to secession, refused foreign arbitration for Irish questions and expressed the hope that Ireland would accept the British terms, which, he said, were the best that could be offered.

Britain's Offer

The government terms were, in brief, as follows:

Dominion status for Ireland, with complete autonomy in financial matters, but without tariff or trade restrictions between the islands. Ireland would maintain defense forces and police, but her territorial forces would be kept within "reasonable limits."

Ireland would maintain her own postal system, but would grant England air defense and communication facilities. Ireland would have control of her own educational and industrial affairs, but the British navy would maintain its hold on the seas around the island.

A share of the United Kingdom's debt would be assumed by Ireland, the exact amount to be fixed by arbitration. Mr. De Valera in reply suggested treaties regarding trade and limitation of armaments, together with mutual agreements as to air, railway and other communications. The Ulster problem would be left to the Irish, themselves, for solution. Mr. DeValera declaring that the "employment of force was not contemplated."

It had generally been supposed from De Valera's willingness to submit the government's proposals to his cabinet that he was ready for a compromise. His letter, however, is considered as a restatement in the fullest form of Ireland's demand of the right of self-determination and a complete denial of any claim on the part of Ulster to a separate bargain with Great Britain. The nearest approach De Valera makes to an acceptance of any place within the British empire is the suggestion that Ireland might be willing to join the British commonwealth group, but would only make this concession in order to secure Ulster's allegiance.

A new feature in the Sinn Fein offer is the proposal to submit the Ulster problem to arbitration, a proposition which Mr. Lloyd George sharply refused. The premier's view is that Ireland's allegiance to the king must be maintained; that Ireland cannot be regarded as a separate or foreign power, and that therefore no question between the two countries may be submitted to the arbitration of any external authority.

The terms offered by the government would apply equally to the North and South, and if the two sections refused to come together they would exercise powers separately. But a special provision was made prohibiting protective tariffs between any parts of the United Kingdom, and therefore the North and South would be precluded from carrying on tariff wars against each other. Thus the South would have no power to force Ulster into a united parliament, except by boycott or war. The possibility of a tariff war against Ulster and finally forcing her to join the South has been one of the chief arguments of those who have advised the South to accept dominion home rule.

Midget Twins Are Born; Weight 11 and 17 Ounces

Billie and Jack Adams, twins of Mr. and Mrs. William Adams of Bogalusa, La., are believed by doctors to be the smallest folk extant. Billie weighed 11 ounces at birth and Jack 17.

Mrs. Adams' six other children are of normal size. The midgets appear to be in perfect health.

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

GERMANY made the word "propaganda" unpopular, if not wholly despicable, before and during the late war. The German aim came to be well known, which accounts for the bad taste the word has left in the mouth. But there is something better than war propaganda. Peace propaganda has a happier sound. There is a movement on to strengthen and make more generally popular a desire for peace. And, thank heaven, it is gaining considerable headway.

President Harding's proposed disarmament conference is the finest sort of peace propaganda, because it means action. Half a dozen world powers have responded to the President's invitation to meet in Washington next Armistice Day to talk peace, for peace is the underlying object of disarmament. The prospect stimulates the finest hope.

The Cost of War in Money.

We cannot resist mention of a cartoon in the Chicago Sunday Tribune drawn by John T. McCutcheon. The famous cartoonist pictorializes a powerful editorial in favor of peace. The pictures cannot be given here, but the texts are interesting and impressive.

Under the title, "What the Money Spent in One War Would Do If Applied to Peace Purposes," Mr. McCutcheon illustrates each of the following punchy paragraphs:

"It would criss-cross the country with boulevards."

"It would irrigate and reclaim all arid spaces."

"It would supply free education of the highest and most modern type."

"It would re-forest all the denuded timber lands."

"It would build ship canals from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence."

"It would electrify all railroads and give them the speed of the modern interurban systems."

"It would supply every farmer with a tractor which will plow 50 acres a day."

"It would build hydro-electric plants capable of supplying the nation with power."

"It would buy all the coal mines of the country and have them owned by the government."

"It would supply every seaport with a deep and well-protected harbor."

"It would build landing fields and mooring piers for a system of transcontinental air routes."

"It would provide old age insurance, which would rob the creeping years of their terrors."

A fine prospect to think about. It has many of the elements of a dream, but it is the kind of dream that could be made to come true.

Ireland May Have Dominion Status

There is a probability that Ireland may attain the status of a dominion. That would give it a place in the world something like that occupied by Canada.

The greatest obstacle in the way of Irish peace is the antagonisms existing between two sections of Ireland. The sticking point is in Ireland, not in England. But as long as there is no fighting there is hope. The situation is not one that can be remedied by fighting.

General Jan Smuts, who has been on the job for some time, trying to make peace, made the announcement before leaving for South Africa that the British prime minister had offered a complete dominion status to the 26 counties, subject to certain strategic safeguards. The general explained that is was far more than was offered the Transvaal and the Free States.

Here is the problem that is yet to be solved: Sir James Craig, the Ulster premier, and De Valera are immovable in their positions. The former maintains that Ulster will not consent to a change from her present status, and De Valera insists that Ulster come under a United Ireland constitution.

Bolshevists Are Embarrassed.

The famine in Russia is embarrassing to the Bolshevik leaders. It hurts their feelings that they must consent to the acceptance of food from the outside. Their system of government gets a black eye. It would not be so bad if they could control the food after it reaches Russia. With the distribution in their own hands they could save the people they want saved and let the others die.

The situation will need close watching.

Killers are never strong on salvation. To succor the needy is out of their line. Right now Trotzky has a scheme which he thinks is more practical than charity. He would send an army out to fight and kill and take food from countries that possess it. That is not an original Trotzky scheme. It is as old as the world.

What is most interesting to Americans is that that arrangements are going ahead for getting food to the starving. It is God's idea of service.

NEW MEASURE HITS FORMER U. S. OFFICIALS

Legislation Is Aimed at Men Who Commercialize Inside Information Received While Holding Office.

Panicky palpitation of the heart has seized a score or more of former Democratic officeholders now pulling down big lawyers' fees at the national capital.

Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty is not only digging deep into the statutes for provisions of the federal law that will put their practice on the blink but he is advocating the enactment of a new measure which threatens to put them completely out of business.

Former President Woodrow Wilson and Bainbridge Colby, former secretary of state, with whom he formed a law partnership; Joseph P. Tumulty, Wilson's former secretary; Robert Lansing, whom Colby succeeded in the Wilson cabinet; A. Mitchell Palmer, former attorney general; Frank Davis, former assistant attorney general under Palmer; Robert T. Scott, Palmer's former secretary; Robert W. Wooley, former member of the interstate commerce commission; Daniel C. Roper and William M. Williams, former commissioners of internal revenue, and William H. Lamar, former solicitor of the postoffice department, are only a few of those affected by this latest activity of Daugherty.

Digs Up Old Law.

Daugherty has dug up a statute, enacted by congress in 1872, which makes it unlawful for any person who has been an officer, clerk or employe of a government department to act as counsel, attorney or agent in prosecuting any claim against the United States which was pending in that department during his service there, within two years after he left the service.

Since this law has been practically inoperative, due to the lack of a penalty clause, Daugherty is now supporting the passage of the Edmonds bill, pending in the house, which is still more drastic and makes the offense punishable by a fine of not more than $10,000, or imprisonment for not more than two years, or both.

Daugherty's support of this measure is not inspired by politics. The fact that most of those such a measure would hit are former Democratic officials has not moved him to action. He firmly believes that the practice of persons leaving the government service to prosecute claims and other cases before the very departments and bureaus in which they served is subject to grave abuses.

Only recently there came to light the case of a number of former officials of the U. S. internal revenue bureau who formed a law partnership in Washington and then, by the use of confidential information which they obtained from government records, proceeded to solicit and obtain huge fees from individuals and corporations who had filed claims with the revenue bureau for the readjustment of their income tax returns.

So scandalous were the rumors concerning some of these transactions that investigations were started simultaneously by Attorney General Daugherty and Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.

Inside Workers, Too.

Secretary Mellon's probe, directed by Internal Revenue Commissioner Blair, has gone far enough to indicate that the "pull" of the former Democratic offcials on the outside was due to co-operation with certain officials and employes inside the revenue bureau.

If sufficient evidence can be obtained these persons will not only be discharged from the government service but prosecuted for violating the federal laws. It is essential, also, not only that those "inside" be punished but that those formerly inside be placed under drastic restrictions as to their activities before government departments with which they formerly were connected.

Some of the fees which these former officials have been able to draw down by reason of information they obtained and the connections they made while employed by the government run as high as $50,000. Fees of $5,000 and $10,000 are considered quite ordinary.

In a number of instances, high-salaried executive officers are known to have left the government service and obtained employment representing before the government the very interests against whom they formerly had conducted prosecutions.

London Hails Action of Premier as His Best Diplomatic Act

Premier Lloyd George's successful move to have the Upper Silesian issue referred to the League of Nations was hailed in official circles as his greatest diplomatic victory. The British premier's move came at a time when it appeared certain that there would be an open rupture between France and England and the supreme council would cease entirely to function.

Foreign office officials said they expected the league to act promptly upon the Upper Silesian question and render a decision in September.

NEW JAP SUBMARINES CAN CRUISE 20,000 MILES

New submarines which Japan is reported to be building are capable of crossing the Pacific and would have an estimated cruising radius of 20,000 miles, experts assert.

American naval authorities are without official information on this latest Japanese naval development. The information that the Japanese were considering such ships became known through a prominent engineer who let it out that his firm had negotiated with the Japanese for monster Diesel engines more than double the power of any now made. According to this information the engines are wanted for a new submarine monster developed in Nippon.

Secretary of Navy in Cornfield

Secretary Denby who is spending his vacation on his farm at Lake Oakland, Clintonville, Michigan, is shown here, in his corn field.

DISARMING OF WOMEN NEEDED, IS OPINION OF CONGRESSWOMAN

"Compulsory disarmament of women" is suggested by Alice Robertson, Oklahoma's lady congressman.

With murders by women on the increase, she said it was necessary as disarmament of nations.

The "Lady from Oklahoma" had been asked to comment on the shooting and growing tendency of her sex to kill off the male population.

"The women talk so much about disarmament—well, why don't they disarm," she demanded. "Why don't they begin it by disarming women?"

Women want war, the lady congressman declared discussing the disarmament movement in general.

"Certainly they want war," she said. "They talk disarmament but they want war. Look at the so-called women's magazines. They're filled with advertisements of military academies. Women clamoring for disarmament send their boys to military academies and let stores continue to sell toys suggestive of war."

Speaking her mind on women murderers, suffragists and other females of the species she said:

"Women who murder get off too easy. They're not judged according to the same standards as men who murder, but you don't hear the suffragists demanding equal rights for the men, do you? No, the suffragists want equal rights for women with special privileges.

"Men have innate courtesy and give women privileges. My male colleagues in congress think they must pay me certain courtesies because I'm a woman. When I get into an elevator, they make way for me and remove their hats. I wish they wouldn't. Why should they treat me any differently from a man since I'm on an equal basis with them?

"Men are not so bad. Women declare them cruel and unjust but they are not. It should be remembered that men who are bad had women for their mothers."

"But to disarm only the women—that would be unjust?" it was suggested.

"There should be compulsory disarmament of men too—of course, the men should be included," said "Miss Alice."

U-Boat Scared Porpoises

For the first time since submarines began to operate during the war, schools of porpoises are now frequently seen off the Welsh coast.

SIX AMERICAN PRISONERS IN RUSSIA FREED

United States Will Delay Relief Work in Soviet Country Until All Subjects Are Safe.

Soviet Russia has released six of the American prisoners, who have arrived at Narva, Esthonia.

The fact that only this half dozen of Americans were sent out of the country was said to threaten a long delay and perhaps abandonment of the negotiations for American famine relief for Russia.

Walter L. Brown, European director of the American relief administration, through which it has been planned chiefly to administer the proposed famine relief, arrived in Riga while the six Americans set free and sent out of Russia through Esthonia were on the way to Reval, Maxim Letvinoff, the soviet envoy for the proposed negotiations, reached there about the same time.

Must Deliver All.

Director Brown, it is understood, will insist that every bona fide American in Russia, whether in or out of prison, must be given an opportunity to leave Russia, before the negotiations can begin.

It was thought that a conference between Mr. Brown and M. Letvinoff was extremely unlikely.

Mr. Brown is acting unofficially, but in touch with the state department, whose representative, Captain Evan E. Young, has handed him a list of more than 100 Americans still in Russia.

On the Russian side, the negotiations are ready to be inaugurated.

M. Letvinoff said:

"We are prepared to go ahead with the negotiations."

A staff of experts arrived with the Russian envoy. Another member of his party was Thedor Chaliapine, the noted Russian operatic basso, who plans to go to England to sing on behalf of the starving Russians.

The prisoners, released under the promise made by the soviet authorities at the time help was accepted from American relief organizations for famine suffering Russia, reached Narva last week. Of the released men Captain Emmett Kilpatrick of Uniontown, Ala., was captured while on duty with General Wrangel's forces in South Russia.

William Flick and Dr. Weston B. Estes of New York are moving picture photographers who went into Russia and were imprisoned last year.

Xenophon Blumenthal Kalmatiano of Racine, Wis., has been in Russian prisons for nearly three years.

Henry J. La Marc is a New York man and Russell Pattinger's home is San Francisco.

LAY TAX BILL BEFORE HOUSE

Continued From Page One.

Reduction in manufacturers' tax on candy from 5 to 3 per cent

Inclusion of lenses in present manufacturers' tax of 10 per cent on cameras.

Reduction of manufacturers' tax on furs from 10 to 5 per cent.

Repeal of present retail stamp tax of 1 cent for each 25 cents of sale price on perfumes, tooth pastes, toilet preparations, piles powders, medicinal preparations and similar articles and substitute of 5 per cent tax on manufactures.

Repeal of present luxury taxes amounting to 10 per cent on the amount above certain prices on clothing and other articles and substitution of 5 per cent tax on whole amount of manufacturers' sale price when carpets, rugs, trunks, valises, pocketbooks, lamps, umbrellas, fans, and smoking jackets are sold above specified amounts.

Wins Bet and Dies

Frederick Seabolt of London, bet he could climb and descend a 25-step stairway 300 times without stopping. He won his bet, but died suddenly three hours later.

NEWS FROM CAPITAL

What Congress Is Doing

President Harding, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, house leaders and Republican members of the ways and means committee in conference slashed the government expenditures and revenue estimates to the tune of nearly $600,000,000 and determined to create no new taxation.

President Harding is hopeful of good results from the Washington conference on disarmament which he will welcome on Nov. 11. Discussions will be given as much publicity as possible.

The senate passed the Capper-Tincher bill to regulate grain exchanges. The Chicago Board of Trade was denounced by Senator Capper of Kansas as "the biggest gambling hell" in the world.

The house ratified the conference report on the bill establishing federal regulation of the meat packing industry.

President Harding signed the Sweet bill for the relief of disabled veterans and appointed Col. Charles R. Forbes to head the new veterans' bureau.

Russian relief plans will not be held up, administration officers being satisfied that only seven of the imprisoned Americans have thus far been released and sent out of Russia, others detained will also be set free without delay.

Representative Young introduced a bill extending the emergency tariff bill two months beyond November 27, the limitation set in the original measure.

A law prohibiting former government employes and officers from prosecuting claims against the government until they had been out of office at least three years was urged before the judiciary committee by Attorney General Daugherty.

Consolidation of government functions and duties having to do with the territory of Alaska under the department of the interior is proposed in a bill introduced by Senator New of Indiana. The bill also provides for the establishment of through transportation lines from the United States by having vessels of the shipping board assigned to that service in connection with Alaskan government-owned railroads.

Agreement was reached at a White House luncheon conference between the President and Senators Lodge and Curtis for a 30-day recess of Congress beginning August 20, contingent upon passage by the house before that date of the tax revision bill and the administration agricultural credit bills.

Western Republican senators organized a tariff "bloc" for the purpose of fighting for "fair treatment for the West" in pending tariff legislation.

A bill authorizing the President to confer the congressional medal of honor and the distinguished service cross on the unidentified American soldier who will be buried in Arlington national cemetery November 11 was passed and sent to the senate.

The Chinese government would be relieved of further Boxer indemnity payments under a bill by Senator Lodge reported favorably from the foreign relations committee.

Making another of his political speeches Senator Harrison of Mississippi prodded his Republican colleagues for the purpose of developing what they did not know about the negotiations of a peace treaty with Germany.

A group of Texas livestock raisers, in conference with the congressional delegation from that state, advocated legislation authorizing the war finance corporation to make direct loans to cattle raisers the same as during the war.

A senate bill providing for maintenance of the West Point cadet corps at its maximum strength was rejected by the house, which struck out the enacting clause by a vote of 138 to 92. Chairman Kahn, of the military committee, explained that while 436 vacancies were to be filled this year, only 315 candidates had qualified for admission. Passage of the bill would have authorized the immediate filing of the 121 existing vacancies. Opponents of the measure contended that in view of the approaching disarmament conference it would be unwise to increase the number of cadets training to become army officers.

Without a record vote congress adopted the conference report on the bill for regulation of the meat packing industry through broad powers of supervision and control by the secretary of agriculture. This action completes legislative work on the bill long before congress and which is now ready for the President's signature.

Senator King introduced a bill under which the appropriations reported by Director of the Budget Dawes as savings prospects would be turned back into the treasury.

The federal trade commission was instructed, under a resolution introduced by Senator Smith, to investigate conditions of the tobacco trade, including prices to producers and consumers.

Testifying before the congressional inquiry commission, Governor Strong, of the New York reserve bank, said that in general operation of the reserve system has tended to decrease money and credit available for speculative purposes and increase the amount and flexibility of credit for industrial, trade and agricultural use.

President Harding cabled formal invitations to the governments of Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and China to attend the Washington conference on limitation of armaments and far eastern problems.

The senate voted to take up for consideration the Borah bill providing for free use of the Panama canal by American coastwise ships.

President Harding assured Senator Borah that negotiations with Germany were proceeding satisfactorily.

A joint subcommittee of Republicans of the senate finance committee and the house ways and means committee was appointed to work out a solution for the controversy over a dye embargo.

President Harding announced that Secretary of State Hughes would head the American delegation in the conference on limitation of armaments.

Republican members of the house ways and means committee voted to increase the exemption on individual income of heads of families from $2,000 to $2,500, but to make the increase apply only to those with net incomes of not more than $5,000.

Senator La Follette blocked quick action on the administration railroad bill in the senate committee on interstate commerce, insisting that the committee investigate whether the railroads have managed their properties in a proper manner.

LUCKY STRIKE cigarette
It's toasted
Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

ANTI-BEER BILL GETS IN TROUBLE

Legislation Will Not Pass the House Before Fall, Leaders Believe.

Back in the home of its friends the anti-beer bill ran into unexpected trouble in the house last week, with little prospect now of its final enactment prior to the proposed recess of congress.

But there was said to be scant hope for the thirsty that the bureau of internal revenue, cutting through the legislative tangle would issue regulations, long ago prepared, for the sale of beer to the sick. Immediately after their failure to get the bill to conference, prohibition leaders declared they had been assured the regulations would be thrown away in view of the attitude of both the senate and house.

Officials at the treasury, however, refused to discuss this question beyond saying that it was possible the regulations might be issued if final action on the measure was deferred by congress until after the recess.

Representatives Walsh of Massachusetts, and Mann, Illinois, Republicans, led the fight on the proposal by Chairman Volstead of the judiciary committee to send the beer bill to conference. Mr. Mann insisted that inasmuch as the senate had adopted far reaching amendments the house should be given the right to vote on them separately, and made a point of order on the ground that senate changes extended the provision of the original Volstead act to Hawaii and the Virgin Islands.

Because of the rush of other legislation in the short time remaining before the proposed recess, Mr. Volstead indicated that the anti-beer bill probably would go over until Fall.

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SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

NIKOLAI LENINE, Russian soviet premier, predicts a famine in that country that bids fair to approach that of 1891 in severity. This prophecy was made in a relief appeal telegraphed to the Socialist newspaper Humanite of Paris. Lenine asks the workers and agriculturists of other countries to come to the aid of Russia as a ready means of aiding the soviet republic.

Twenty thousand employes of the Interborough and Brooklyn Rapid Transit companies in New York City have voluntarily accepted wage reductions of 10 per cent, saving these systems nearly $5,000,000 in annual operating expenses.

Governor Len Small of Illinois was arrested last week and liberated under $50,000 bonds. He had been indicted by the grand jury on charges of misusing $2,500,000 of state interest funds while state treasurer.

Thirty-five hundred anthracite coal workers on strike in eight collieries of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co. have voted to return to work. The strike was settled by the men going to work under the old agreement.

As a result of the continued success of the rebellious Moors, Spanish rule in Morocco is tottering, it was reported last week. The Spanish envoy at London, however, denied the rumors describing the situation as desperate.

Fresh fighting broke out in Upper Silesia recently, when Polish insurgents clashed with British troops. The British suffered some losses.

The United States railroad labor board has granted the Pennsylvania railroad a 15-day extension of time in which to consider a plan for meeting the order of the board for a new election of shopmen committees. The shopmen have decided not to strike to force the company to comply with the board's order.

Secretary of Treasury Mellon says that should action upon the anti-beer bill be deferred by congress until after the recess, it is possible that the regulations governing the use of beer for medical purposes would be issued by the treasury.

The Berlin Vorwaerts announces that the payment of one billion gold marks to the allies will be made Aug. 30, according to schedule. The paper also states that the dissolution of the German self-protection troops in Upper Silesia will take place soon.

MAJOR GENERAL LEONARD WOOD will become governor general of the Philippine islands. President Harding has selected him and the general is reported to have expressed his willingness to accept the post.

Baron Byng of Vimy has taken the oath of office as Canada's governor general. He arrived at Quebec to assume his new duties last week.

A general shrinkage in the value of personal property over 1920 figures is evidenced in the first reports on 1921 duplicates, made by the county auditors to Ohio state tax commission.

Delegates of the American legion have reached France and will be guests of the French government while they tour the battlefields dedicating monuments.

Officials of the University of Pennsylvania have tentatively agreed to release Major General Leonard Wood from his agreement to act as provost of that institution because of the general's appointment to be governor general of the Philippines.

Russian troops were concentrated on the edge of the famine zone to prevent the famine stricken hordes from overrunning western Russia and spreading desolation in their trail. The soviet government has decided to requisition coal and cut down the already meager train schedules.

Strenuous opposition to any attempt to establish piece work in railroad repair shops was voiced by representatives of employes on nearly 40 railroads before the railroad labor board recently.

The cabinet of Premier Allendesalazar of Spain has resigned. Conditions in Morocco brought political matters in Spain to a critical situation.

The reparations commission announces that Germany, since the beginning of July, has paid 250,000,000 gold marks to the commission, thus allowing Germany to redeem five of the $20,000,000 notes issued in execution of article five of the schedule of payments.

Date, amount and rate of any further offerings of farm loan bonds have not as yet been a matter of conference by the farm loan board, Secretary Mellon announced in a formal statement. No advance in the interest rate beyond 5 per cent is contemplated.

BUREAUCRATIC red tape which has hindered the administration of relief to disabled soldiers has been slashed. Twenty-four hours after taking the oath of office, Colonel Charles R. Forbes, director of the veterans' bureau, started a real drive to accord disabled former service men the fullest measure of aid and justice that the law intended they should have.

This year's Canadian wheat crop will exceed last year's by more than 25,000,000 bushels, but most other crops show a decrease.

Note from the United States has been received by the Hungarian government communicating the text of the resolution passed by congress early in July regarding peace with Austria and Hungary. The note says that if Hungary adheres to the principles expressed in the resolution negotiations for peace can be commenced immediately.

Pope Benedict suffered from the effects of the recent terrific heat in Rome. He was ordered by his physician to take no more exercise than was necessary.

Milwaukee during July had almost as many jobs offered as there were applicants for work, according to the monthly review of the U. S. government employment offices.

Bartenders are not snobbish. Their national convention defeated a movement to substitute the words "beverage dispensers" for "bartenders" in the organization's name.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, arbiter in the building crafts wage disputes, warned painters, structural iron workers and plasterers that their wage and working agreements were unlawful and that they were "headed straight for jail."

Mary McSwiney, sister of the late lord mayor of Cork, Ireland, has canceled her tour in the United States and sailed for Ireland to attend the coming session of the Irish parliament, of which she is a member.

Increases in retail food prices are shown in 13 of 14 cities mentioned by the department of labor in data covering the period of June 15 to July 15.

That it was up to the United States to nab rum runners on its side of the border without the aid of Canadian officials, was the attitude taken by Dominion authorities after a Windsor court ruled that the Ontario temperance act did not ban exportation of liquor to a foreign country.

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THE WRECKERS

By Francis Lynde

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Continued From Last Week.

Though I had been over the road with Mr. Norcross in his private car any number of times since we had taken hold, I didn't recall the detail topographies very clearly, and I couldn't seem to remember anything about this siding ten miles west of Banta. So I asked Kirgan.

"That siding isn't in any such shape that the Fast Mail could get by without seeing a 'meet' train on the sidetracks, is it?"

The big master-mechanic shook his head.

"Hardly, you'd think. I reckon we're up a stump, Jimmie. That siding is part of an old 'Y' at the mouth of a gulch that runs back into the mountains for maybe a dozen miles or so. They tell me the 'Y' was put in there for the Timber Mountain lumber outfit when they used the gulch mouth for their sawmill point. They had one of their sawmills up in the gulch somewhere, but the business died out when they got the timber all cut off. This time I was the one who did the old-grasshopper act.

"You bet this, Mart," I put in quickly. "The Timber Mountain company is one of the Red Tower monopolies; did it have a railroad track up that gulch connecting with our 'Y'?"

"Why, yes; I reckon so. I'm not right sure that there ain't one there yet. But if there is, it's been disconnected from the 'Y'. I'm sure of that, because I went in on that 'Y' one day with the wrecker."

You'd think this would have settled it. But it hung on like a dog to a root.

"See, Mart," I insisted, "this 'Y' siding we're talking about is just around where the Ten-Sixteen ought to have met the Mail; so far as we can tell by this map it's the only place where it could have met it. And the old gulch track would have been a mighty good hiding-place for the stolen engine!"

"There ain't any track there," said Kirgan, shaking his head; "or, leastwise, if there is, just as I'm telling you. We'll have to look further along."

Somehow I couldn't get it out of my head but that I was right. Our guesses all went as straight as a string to that 'Y' siding ten miles west of Banta, and I was sure that if I had been talking to Mr. Van Britt I could have convinced him. But Kirgan was awfully hard-headed.

"It's supper time," he said, after we had mulled a while longer over the map. "Tomorrow, if you like, we'll take an engine and run down there. But we ain't goin' to find anything, I can tell you that, right now."

"Yes, and tomorrow we may have the new general manager, and then you and I and all the others will be hunting for some other railroad to work on," I retorted.

I pretty nearly had him over the edge, but I couldn't push him the rest of the way to save my life.

"If there was the least little scrap of a reason even to imagine that Mr. Norcross had gone off on that stolen eight-wheeler, it would be different, Jimmie," he protested. "But there ain't; and you know dog-goned well there ain't. Let's go up-town and hunt up something to eat. You'll feel a heap clearer in your mind when you get a good square meal inside o' your clothes."

We left the shop offices together, and got shut out, crossing the yard, by a freight that was pulling in from the West. There was a yard crew shifting on the other side of the incoming train, and rather than wait for the double obstruction to clear itself, we walked down the shop track, meaning to go around the lower end of things.

This detour took us past the roundhouse, and when we reached the turn-table, the engine of the just-arrived freight came backing down the skip-track. Seeing Kirgan, the engineer swung down from the step at the lead switch, leaving the hostler to "spot" the engine on the table. I knew the engineer by sight. His name was Gorcher, and he was a reformed cow-punch'—with a record for getting out of more tight places with a heavy train than any other man on the division.

"Here's lookin' at you, Mr. Kirgan," he said, with a sort of Happy Hooligan grin on his smutty face. "You been passin' the word, quiet, among the boys to keep an eye out f'r that Atlantic-type that got lost in the shuffle, ain't you? Well, I found her."

"What's that—where?" snapped Kirgan, in a tone that made a noise like the pop of a whip-lash.

"You know that old gravel pit that digs into the hill a mile west of the old 'Y' on the Timber Mountain grade? Well, she's there; plumb at the far end o' that gravel track, cold and dead."

"When did you see her?"

"Just now—comin' in. We had to cut and double, comin' up Timber Mountain hill. 'Stead o' pullin' all the way up to the 'Y' and losin' more time, I doubled in on that old gravel track. There she was, as big as a house."

"Crippled?" Kirgan rapped out.

"Not as we could see; just dead. She's got her nose shoved a piece into the gravel bank, but she ain't off the rail."

Kirgan nodded. "That counts one for you, Billy. Who else saw her?"

"Nobody but the boys on our train, I reckon."

"All right. Don't spread it. And get hold of the others and tell 'em not to spread it. Want to make a little overtime?"

"I ain't kickin' none."

"That's business. After you've had your supper, call up your fireman and report to me here at the roundhouse. We'll take a light engine and go down along and get that runaway."

This seemed to settle Kirgan's half of the puzzle. We hadn't taken the gravel track into our calculations simply because it wasn't marked on the map we had been studying; but that merely meant that the pit had been opened some time after the map had been made.

When Gorcher had gone into the roundhouse to wash up and tell his fireman to report back, Kirgan and I crossed the yard and headed for town. I left the master-mechanic at the door of a Greek eat-shop that he patronized and went on up to the Bullard. There had been nothing more said about connecting the boss' disappearance with that of the stolen engine, and the idea seemed too ridiculous to hold on to, anyway. Mr. Norcross had said, in the letter to Mr. Van Britt, that he was going to quit; and, so far as we knew—or didn't know, rather—he had done it and had taken his grips and gone to the midnight Mail.

Against this, of course, there was the Mail conductor's positive assertion that he hadn't carried the boss. But conductors are no more infallible than other people, and once in a blue moon in going through a train they miss a passenger. I remembered the one thing that might have made the boss desperate. If somebody had slammed the Mrs. Sheila story at him there was reason enough for a blow-up.

I was just getting around to my piece of canned pumpkin pie—which wasn't half as good as the kind Maisie Ann fed me out at the major's—when the kid from the dispatcher's office came into the grill room, stretching his neck as if he were looking for somebody. When he got his eye on me he came across to my corner and handed me a telegram. It was from Mr. Chadwick, under a Chicago date line, and it was addressed "To the General Manager's Office," just like that. There were only nine words in it, but they were all strictly to the point: "What's gone wrong? Where is Mr. Norcross? Answer quick."

I saw in half a second at least part of what had happened. Mr. Chadwick was back from his Canadian trip, and somebody—the New York people, perhaps—had wired him that a new general manager had been appointed for Pioneer Short Line. The old wheat king's quick shot at our office showed that he wasn't in the plat, and that, whatever else had become of him, Mr. Norcross hadn't as yet turned up in Chicago!

Gee! but that brought on more talk—a whaling lot of it. I meant to find out, right away, if Mr. Van Britt had come back from the Cross Creek wreck. He was the man to answer Mr. Chadwick's wire. But an interruption butted in suddenly, just as I was signing the dinner check. The head waiter, who knew me from having seen me so often with the boss, came over to say that I was wanted quick at the telephone.

It was Mrs. Sheila on the wire, and I could tell by the way her voice sounded that she was mightily excited.

"I've been calling you on every phone I could think of," was the way she began; and then: "Where is Mr. Van Britt?"

I told her about the wreck, and said I was afraid he hadn't got back yet. I heard something that sounded like a muffled and half-impatient, "Oh, dear!" and then she went on. "I have just had a phone message from Mr. Cantrell, the editor of the Mountaineer. He called the house to try to find Major Kendrick. He has heard something which may explain about Mr. Norcross. He said he didn't want to put it on the wire.'

That was enough for me. "I'll go right over to the Mountaineer office," I told her; and in just about two shakes of a dead lamb's tail, I was standing at Mr. Cantrell's elbow in his little den on the third floor of the newspaper building across the Avenue.

"Mrs. Macrae telephoned you?" he asked, pushing his bunch of copy paper aside.

"Yes; just a minute ago."

"I'll give you what I have, and you may do what you please with it. One of our young men—Branderby—has a clue; a very slight one. He has discovered—in some way that he didn't care to explain over the phone—that there was a plot of some kind concocted in the back room of a dive on lower Nevada Avenue on the night Mr. Norcross disappeared. From what Branderby says, I take it that the plot was overheard, in part, at least, by some habitue of the place who was too drunk to get it entirely straight and intelligible. The plotters were four of Clanahan's men, and, as Branderby got it, they were planning to steal a locomotive. Do you know anything about that?"

"I do. The engine was stolen all right, that very night. Kirgan, our master mechanic, has known it was gone, but he has been keeping quiet in hopes he'd be able to find the engine without making any public stir about it."

"The story, as it has been handed on to Branderby, is pretty badly muddled," the editor went on. "There was something in it about an attempt to wreck and rob the Fast Mail, and something else about sending a note to somebody at the Bullard—a note that 'would do the business,' was the way it was put."

"That note was sent to Mr. Norcross!" I broke in excitedly, taking a running jump at the guess.

"If you will wait until Branderby comes in, he may be able to give you more of the particulars." Cantrell was beginning to say; but good gosh!—I couldn't wait. I was scared stiff for fear I shouldn't be able to get back to the roundhouse before Kirgan started out on that engine-rescuing trip.

"That's enough," I gasped; "I'm gone!" and I tumbled down the two flights of stairs and sprinted for the railroad yard, reaching the roundhouse not one half-second too soon. Kirgan was there, with Gorcher and two firemen. They had a light engine out on the tank track and were filling her with water.

It was Kirgan himself who gave me a hand up the steps to the high foot-plate. Gorcher was oiling around and the two firemen were up on the tender.

"They took Mr. Norcross with them on the Ten-Sixteen!" was all I could say and then I guess my late electric knock-out got in its work to pay for the quick sprint down from the newspaper office, for I keeled over into Kirgan's arms and sort of half fainted, it seemed.

Because, when I came to, right good again, Kirgan had me up on the fireman's box, with an arm around me to hold me there: Billy Gorcher was on the other side of the cab, niggling at the throttle; and the light engine was clicking it off about fifty miles an hour on the straight piece of track between Portal City and Arroyo.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Close Call.

Billy Gorcher did some swift wheel-rolling on the stretch of straight track where our "betterment" campaign had already begun to get in its good work. We had orders against a fast freight coming eastward at Banta, and we made the eighteen miles in a little over twenty minutes, shooting in on the siding at Banta just as the headlight of the freight was showing up in the western hills beyond the town.

From Banta on, we took it a bit easier—had to. The track was pretty crooked among the hills and Gorcher hit the curves like a man who knew his trade and didn't mean to put us into the ditch.

At the "Y" siding we stopped—without going on to the gravel track where Gorcher had seen the lost 1016—and Kirgan and I got off with a lantern. This was because, on the way down, I had managed to tell the big master-mechanic about the Cantrell talk, though I hadn't succeeded in making him believe that it accounted for Mr. Norcross' drop-out. Just the same he humored me by having Billy Gorcher stop, and now he was trying to make me take it sort of slow and easy as we stumbled out toward the stem of the "Y." That was Kirgan's way. He was as hard as nails with a gang of men, but he could be as soft-hearted as any woman when a fellow was all in. And he knew I wasn't half "at myself" yet, physically.

"Don't you get too much hope up, Jimmie," he was saying, as we humped along around the crooking track of the "Y." "We ain't goin' to find anything out yonder but a rusty loggin' track and that broken rail connection. You see, I've been here before, and I know."

He was right as could be. When we reached the end of the "Y" there was the broken connection, just as he'd said. The old saw-mill track was still there, leading off in the dark up the gulch, but the two switch rails had been taken out and the switch itself was as rusty as if it hadn't been used in years.

"What you heard from Mr. Cantrell may have been all true enough," Kirgan said, while I stood swallowing hard and staring down at the broken rail connection, "only it didn't have anything to do with the Big Boss. Them thugs was probably plannin' to wreck the Mail, all right, and they came down here to do it. The Lord only knows why they didn't do it; p'raps there wasn't time enough, after they'd got the 'Sixteen in on the gravel track."

I only just about half heard what he was saying. He had the lantern, and its light fell squarely upon a cross-tie a foot or two beyond where we were standing. It was the last tie in the empty string from which the two rails had been taken up to break the connection with the lighter saw-mill track steel, and what I was looking at was a fresh spike hole; fresh beyond all question of doubt because there was a clean new splinter of wood sticking up beside it—a splinter that had been broken out when the spike was pulled.

I took the lantern from Kirgan in my one good hand, and he stood there waiting for me while I walked on out to the chopped-off end of the saw-mill track, examining the loose ties as I went along. There were fresh spike holes in some of the others; just one here and there. But that was enough. After I had knelt to hold the lantern close to the rails of the rusty timber track I knew my hunch was all right.

"Come here, Mart!" I called, and when he came, I showed him the new holes and new wheel-marks on the old rusty rails of the timber track that proved as clear as daylight that an engine or a train had been over them away this side of the rains and the snows that had rusted them.

Kirgan didn't say a word—not to me. He just took one look at the rubbed rails and then yelled back to Gorcher to run out on the "Y." What followed went like clock-work. There were tools, a spike-puller and a driving-maul, on the light engine's tender, and while the two firemen were throwing them off, Kirgan made a couple of swift measurements with his pocket tape.

"These two, right here, boys," he ordered, indicating a pair of rails in the other leg of the "Y," and in less than no time the two rails were up and relaid to bridge the gap of the broken connection.

Gorcher moved the engine carefully over the temporary connection, with Kirgan watching to see that she didn't ditch herself. When the crossing was safely made we all climbed on, and Gorcher began to feel his way cautiously out over the saw-mill track. Kirgan hadn't explained anything, but that didn't matter. We didn't know where we were going, but we were on our way.

I suppose we poked along into the black heart of the Timber range for as much as five or six miles before the engine headlight showed us the remains of the old saw-mill camp lying in a little pocket-like valley from the sides of which all the mill timber had been cut. The camp had been long deserted. There were perhaps a dozen shacks of all sizes and shapes, and with a single exception they were all dilapidated and dismantled, some with the roofs falling in.

The one exception was the stout log building which had probably served as the mill-gang commissary and store. It stood a little back on the slope, and was on the opposite side of the creek from the mill site and sleeping shacks. The ties at this end of the line were so rotten with age that our engine was grinding a good half of them to powder as she edged up, and a little below the switch that had formerly led in to the mill, Kirgan gave Gorcher the stop signal.

After we had piled off, there wasn't any question raised as to what we should do. Kirgan had taken a hammer from Gorcher's tool-box, and he was the one who led the way straight across the little creek and up the hill to the commissary. I had the lantern, but it wasn't needed. From where the engine was standing, the headlight flooded the whole gulch basin with its electric beam, picking out every detail of the deserted saw-mill camp.

When we reached the log commissary we found the windows all boarded up and the door fastened with a strong hasp and a bright new brass padlock—the only new thing in sight. Kirgan swung his hammer just once and the lock went spinning off down the slope and fell with a splash into the creek. Then he pushed the door open with his foot, and shoved in; and for just one-half second I was afraid to follow—afraid of what we might find in that gloomy looking log warehouse, with its blinded windows and locked door.

I thank the good Lord I had my scare for nothing. While I was nerving myself and stumbling over the threshold behind Kirgan with the lantern, I heard the boss' voice, and it wasn't the voice of any dead man, not by a long shot! From what he said, and the way he was trimming it up with hot ones, it was evident that he took us for some other crowd that he'd been cussing out before.

The light of the lantern showed us a long room, bare of furnishings, and dark and musty from having been shut up so tight. In the far end there were a couple of bunks built against the log wall. On what had once been the counter of the commissary there was a lot of canned stuff and a box of crackers that had been broken open, and on a bench by the door there was a bucket of water and a tin cup.

The boss was sitting up in one of the bunks, and he was still tearing off language in strips at us when we closed in on him. He recognized Kirgan first, and then Gorcher. I guess he couldn't see me very well because I was holding the lantern. When he found out who we were, he stopped swearing and got up out of the bunk to put his hand on Mart Kirgan's shoulder. That was the only break he made to show that he was a man, like the rest of us. The next minute he was the Big Boss again, rapping out his orders ac if he had just pushed his desk button to call us in.

"You've got an engine here, I suppose?" he snapped at Kirgan. "Then we will get out of this quick. What day of the week is it?"

I told him it was Friday, and by his asking that, I knew he must have been so roughly handled that he had lost count of time. The next order was shot at the two firemen.

"You boys kick that packing-box to pieces and then pull the straw out of that bunk and touch a match to it. We'll make sure that they'll never lock anybody else up in this damned dog-hole."

The two young huskies obeyed the order promptly. In half a minute the dry slab stuff that the bunks were built of was ablaze and the boss herded us to the door. In the open he stopped and looked around as if he had half a mind to burn the rest of the deserted lumber camp, but if he had any such notion he thought better of it, and a minute or so later we were all climbing into the cab of the waiting engine.

I had one last glimpse of the commissary as Gorcher released the air and the backing engine slid away around the first curve. It was sweating smoke through the split-shingle roof, and the open door framed a square of lurid crimson. I guess the boss was right. "They," whoever they were, wouldn't ever lock anybody else up in that particualr shack.

To Be Continued.

CAN THE PULMOTOR REVIVE BUSINESS?

COMRADES OF PERIL

By Randall Parrish

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Continued From Last Week

She was cool, resourceful; had shrewdly thought out every step. If she was still unsuspected, no one would stop her. She had always been free to leave the valley. Often she had taken early rides, and none of the ordinary guards would consider her going forth as at all strange. Of course, the Hole was filled now with strange fugitives—Indians hiding from the soldiers, suspicious of every white face. These might cause trouble, but she must take that chance. There was but one way to save Macklin's life—the doctor at Gerlasche. Shelby had told her so, and nothing else remained fixed in her mind. Mother of God, she would save him!

There were three horses in the little stable shack back of the cabin. She crept cautiously up through the fog, unable to see in the gloom, but locating the animals by touch. One was still moist from riding, Laud's pony, no doubt. The next was her own, having scarcely stamina for such a trip, but the third was the bay Juan had always been so proud of. She felt the tears well into her eyes as he whinnied a welcome, but he was her choice—he would carry her until he dropped in his tracks. She led the animal out, saddled and bridled him in the darkness, and then, mounting in the gray dawn, with a prayer in her heart for help and guidance, she rode slowly out into the trail. The billowing clouds of mist rose giving a view ahead; she could hear the sound of distant water dashing down over the precipice; but seemingly no one was astir. She touched the horse, and he broke into an easy gallop. A fire burned in front of the little house beside the falls, a mere flicker of half-burned logs, with two men hovering over it. One of them started up, at sound of the horse's hoofs and gripped a rifle. He was white, a flapping hat brim shadowing his face; the other, an Indian, wrapped in a blanket, merely lifted his head, and stared moodily. Her heart gave a sharp bound, but she reined up carelessly, as the fellow stepped into the trail. He peered curiously into her face.

"Hell, young woman, you're out damned early, ain't you? what's up?"

There was nothing vicious in his greeting, and her heart quit its pounding.

"I'm after a doctor, Sam," she said swiftly, believing boldness the best card to play. "My brother has been shot."

"Sure, I heard that, only they told me he was dead; he ain't, hey? Had a rumpus with Indian Joe, didn't he?"

"Yes; I just heard about it. He must have the doctor right away."

"Where the hell you aim to find one?"

"Over at Gerlasche. There is an army surgeon there."

"Sure, but I'm bettin' the cuss won't come, 'less he brings the whole army 'long with him. He'd hav' ter mosey in yere blindfold if he did."

"Just the same he'll come, if I find heem," she said grimly, "for I bring heem, dead or alive. Who's out there on the trail?"

"'Red' Haines, an' Stumpy, 'long with a couple of Sioux. The boys are a bit jumpy just now with all them sojers scoutin' the Bad Lands. Maybe they'll try ter stop yer, but yer tell 'em I said it was all right. Say, what was goin' on last night—shootin' ter beat hell up the canyon, an' there was quite a fire, too?"

"Row over the girl Macklin brought in," she exclaimed calmly, "an' the old cabin got burned."

"Some more o' Injun Joe's cussedness, I reckon?"

"Yes, he was in it; well, adios, Sam."

She rode forward, never even venturing to glance back. Thus far everything had gone easier than she could have hoped. There were no orders out against her, and these night guards were not even aware of what had taken place. She guided her horse under the veil of falling water, and up the steep bank beyond, out into the valley of the Cottonwood. There was little danger of meeting anyone now, she needed to avoid, and once beyond those watchers at the head of the trail, the way would be open. She came upon these just below the crest, grouped for shelter under the ledge of an outcropping rock. Haines had been drinking and was in a good humor, listening to her story with a broad grin, and dismissing her willingly enough.

"To hell, o' course yer kin go," he said thickly. "Yer brother pulled me out o' the Cowskin onct. He's a damn good scout for a Mex. Go to it, girl; you know the trail?"

"Yes, along the edge of the Bad Lands."

"Sure; better keep in the first gully, er yer might run inter a sojer outfit. They're thicker than fleas out there now, they tell me. So long, sister."

It had begun to snow, big heavy flakes, drifting with the wind, quickly whitening the landscape. The slight marks of the trail were almost instantly obliterated, but the low range of hills ahead were a sufficient landmark, and she forced her horse into a swift pace; riding with her head lowered, but with watchful eyes peering through the snow curtain. She was alone now; free, with nothing intervening between her and Gerlasche. Her heart bounded with the elixir of success—she would bring back the doctor to Macklin. She felt no doubt anywhere—

The direct trail circled just within the outer range of the sand hills, making it impossible for her to mistake the way even in that maze of snow. She rode more carelessly now that she was safely out of sight, and free from any possibility of pursuit. The horse, with lowered head, seemed to feel the urgency, and plunged forward eagerly. They were in a narrow gap between the sand hills, the trail winding and twisting about, so as to reveal little of what might be ahead, the snow whirling into their faces blindingly. Suddenly as they swept around a sharp corner, seeing and hearing nothing to warn of any other presence in that solitude, they came at full tilt against a halted column of cavalry. Before Pancha could even jerk up her reins, a startled trooper had gripped the bit, and held her mount helplessly pawing the air.

"Well, what's this?" he growled, tugging at the frightened animal, and dragged half off his feet in the fierce struggle. "A Mex, by God! Say, fellows, this looks like Arizona. Lay hold here, Mapes! Call the sergent, somebody; I've got this bird! whoa there! now what's all this about, young lady?"

"What is it, Summers?" the sergeant, pushing through the ring of men, peered curiously up at her from under the brim of a battered campaign hat.

"She just come atearing in, Sergeant, like she was goin' somewhere. She was sure ridin' like hell, an' she is Mex, all right."

"So I see. Well, senorita, what are you doing out here?"

His face was kindly, if stern.

"Senor, I ride for a doctor," she said earnestly. 'Please do not stop me—a man is dying.".

"A man? Where? Is he a Mexican?"

"No, senor, an Americano; he was shot; he verra bad; if I find no doctor, he die maybe."

"But where were you going?"

"To Gerlasche, senor, there is army doctor there."

"Not now there ain't; he's back here with us somewhere. Where is this fellow who's hurt?"

She hesitated just an instant, yet there was no avoiding the truth. If the doctor was here, among these soldiers, she would have to tell the truth or else desert Macklin to his fate. Besides, what did she care; her hatred of Laud suddenly flaring into new life. Here was the opportunity for revenge, as well as service.

"In Wolves' Hole, senor."

"Wolves' Hole! Good God! did you come from there? Pass the word for the major, someone. What's that? Oh, excuse me, sir," and he came stiffly to attention, facing a heavily-set, middle-aged officer, with iron-gray mustache and goatee.

"What have you here, sergeant?" the latter asked briefly, "Mexican woman?"

"Yes, sir; she just ran into us at full tilt. She claims to be after a doctor to attend to a wounded American over in Wolves' Hole."

"Is that so? Perhaps this is good luck. Who is this American, senorita—some damn white renegade?"

"He man I love, senor."

"Oh, that's it. Then perhaps we can do business. We've got a surgeon here with us. If you will show us a way to get into Wolves' Hole, I'll promise he'll take care of your man, all right."

"You ask me to guide you?"

"That's the bargain. We have been trying to locate the place for two days. You see, we don't know this country, for we just came up from Arizona, and the guide they gave us is a drunken fool—a half-breed traitor. Who is the leader of those outlaws?"

"Indian Joe Laud, senor."

"I've heard of the brute. Judging from the way you looked then, he is no friend of yours."

"No, senor; I hate heem; he keel my brother; now he try to keel this man I tell you 'bout—he an' two more Americanos."

"Two more! This is becoming interesting, Sergeant. Let's have the straight story, senorita. You want us to help these people—is that it?"

"Si, senor; it is nothing to me what you do. I care for them not at all; they not my people anymore. There are many—Indians a lot; they hide there."

"Yes, I know; but who are these Americanos? They belong to the gang?"

"No, senor. One was a woman, senor; young, pretty woman; she captured and brought there. Eet was her husband that try to save her. He follow an' git in some way, like the Mother of God help. Hees name was Shelby."

"Shelby?" broke in the sergeant, forgetful of the officer's presence in his surprise. "What Shelby? Was his other name Tom?"

"Si, senor,' and she turned her eyes on him. "You know this Tom Shelby?"

"Do I! of course I do. You remember him, Major Hays. He was with us once in 'C' Troop; then later detailed with the scouts. He's up in this country I know. I ran into him down at Ponca when I came through there. Why, by God, that was his wedding day, and I saw the bride."

"You say those renegade devils have got them both there in the Hole?" broke in the major, "prisoners?"

"They got away now; they hide in a cave," she explained.

"And you will show us the way in?"

"Senor, the doctor he will care for this man if I do?"

"I pledge you my word he will."

"And you will keel Indian Joe Laud, senor?"

"We'll surely do our best."

"Then I show you—yes; who that man there?"

Shaunessy wheeled about to face the fellow she pointed at, gripping him with one hand, and dragging him forth from among the circle of soldiers.

"This is the bird they gave us for a guide," he said shortly. "You know him?"

"He," she gave vent to a bitter laugh. "That fellow Dull Knife; bad Indian, horse thief. Why they give you heem?"

"Hell knows. What'll I do with the cuss, Major?"

"Have a couple of men hold him under guard. We seem to be on the right track now; senorita, where is this Wolves' Hole?"

"Over there, not far; across the mesa. You come, I show you. That be better first, senor—just you an' some others, so you can tell what to do. Maybe eet be better we go afoot, so we be not seen."

"On foot! You don't mean we are so near the place?"

"Si, senor; I show you."

A little handful followed her lead between the sand ridges out upon the open plain—the major, a lieutenant, the sergeant, and three men. She led them along a slight depression, sufficient to partially screen them from observation. The major still had his doubts, staring gloomily ahead, and observing no marks of guidance; apparently they were trudging forth across a dead level plain, stretching away for miles to a faroff range of blue hills. The steady fall of snow had ceased, although there were occasional flurries, driving sharply into their faces. Overhead the clouds hung low and gray. Hays swore under his breath, half convinced he was being made a fool of. Twice he started to speak, but held his tongue. The girl never turned her head, but moved straight forward.

She came to a slight ridge, and stopped suddenly, pointing.

"'Tis there, senor," she said simply. "Wolves' Hole."

The astounded officer stood motionless, his mouth open, his eyes staring at the sight so unexpectedly revealed. For an instant he could not believe what he saw. Almost under his feet the precipice fell away into that tremendous gorge, the mantle of snow emphasizing its depth, but bringing out the black rocks in stern contrast.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "what a gulf! And not a sign to make you dream of its existence. I'd have sworn ten feet back this plain was a dead level for thirty miles. But how in heaven's name do we ever get down there?"

To Be Continued.

There are 774,746 words in the Bible, according to the figures of Horne, a Scotch student, who spent three years counting them.

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

MISS 1095 is with us again—maybe she thinks we have a poor memory or possibly she is so enchanted by our company that she cannot stay away. She hasn't taken her hands out of her pockets since June 30, but we won't tease her any more, for really if you have not made a dress like hers it is high time, for nearly every woman and girl in the world has one, of course exaggerating a little. When neighbor and sister choose dresses alike, you may be sure there is merit in the style, for to overcome the desire to be exclusive is a great achievement for a mere dress.

School girls, we hesitate to call you attention to study, but we can let you down easy by suggesting that you wear a costume like 1128. Several private schools have adopted this model as a uniform and the personnel of the school is as attractive as a company of soldiers on dress parade. Jersey is the choice material to be used—the cuffs and collar made of coarse linen bound with bias bands of the jersey. Tan, brown, gray and blue are good school colors. As for being adaptable, a ten-year-old child may appear in the same style as her mother if she chooses No. 1128 and still be gowned in perfect taste. Who said this generation was aggressive? Progressive, they meant.

The two ladies at the top of the illustration must be next door neighbors, No. 1105 and No. 1107, and we think they have just discovered how to use the ruffler on their sewing machine. They show originality and individuality in placing their ruffles, for who but they could imagine the same trimming equally smart on either collar or hip?

Sweet Miss 1050 makes us long for an invitation to go to a party where we can wear a dress exactly like hers. The collar appears to be made of lace, but Martha hopes it is real, as so great a display of cheap lace is apt to be garish. There are many ways to get around the expense of a large real lace collar—(if you cannot find one in grandmother's trunk) choose small pieces of lace, imitations of real patterns, or real if available, and small pieces of sheer embroidery. Combine these in a Shepherdess pattern, whipping together with narrow fish-eye Val insertion and finishing with edge to match. The imitation Vals are quite as effective as the real if you choose the same pattern.

Sometime Martha will write about laces if you would enjoy it.

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No. 1105—Ladies' Blouse—Cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch material.

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No. 1128—Misses' or Small Women's Dress—Cut in sizes 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch material with 2½ yards binding.

No. 1050—Ladies' Dress—Cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 23-inch all over lace and 3 yards 6-inch ribbon.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1921.

The bright side of Russia is the outside.

Not all lies are vocal. Some of them are posed.

They can't make an automobile that is as easy to look at as a beautiful horse.

If we could see ourselves as others se us we would break our necks rushing to an oculist for treatment.

Lima Beane says the matrimonial knot is less bother than a love tangle.

It is too much to expect the Republicans in Washington to clean up in six months the rotten mess that accumulated through a period of eight years.

There are bigger hogs than a hog.

Even though he is unsung a man can be thankful he is unhung.

The fellow who carries a grudge around with him is taxing his soul with excess baggage.

Nearly everybody is shocked by the increasing number of divorces except the people who are getting them.

After the Russian's stomach has been pried loose from his backbone he may find his soul.

President Harding's optimism did not desert him even after he had consumed the eighth doughnut.

The continual whine of the wets is not half as pathetic as the old cry of the neglected children in the unrestrained guzzling days.

Congress creates uncertainty faster than it makes history.

When people quit criticizing us it's a sign that we are dead.

Mr. Wilson is said to be watching with pain everything President Harding does. Otherwise Mr. Wilson's health is improved.

Before Adam, the first loafer, spilled the beans, he probably thought it a hardship to have to move around with the shade to keep from sweating.

A dreamer is not so bad if he doesn't persist in vocalizing his dreams.

Mother may be the head of the house and father the shoulders, but the small son knows he is the legs.

No man ever made a success of drinking liquor. Millions of them have made a success of prohibition.

If the public likes what the great man is reported to have said, though he didn't say it, he never complains that he was misquoted.

The pursuit of happiness keeps a lot of people away from home nearly all the time.

Not half the people would be satisfied with a quiet, docile world. Some would want to kick up a rumpus and others would yearn for the resultant excitement of the rumpus created by the cain raisers.

Civilization must save all the Russians it is humanly possible to save. It is a Christian obligation. Not until we have done our duty is it safe to trust to luck.

The reason a girl never marries her ideal is because he is a myth.

If Postmaster General Will Hays wants to charge three cents for a two-cent postage stamp the people will pay the price cheerfully and willingly. Will has such winning ways.

A bad habit is more domineering than a good one.

Reds everywhere are perplexed over the Russian situation. They can't understand why the people don't get fat on turmoil.

They can make home brew but they can't surround it with the old barroom smell.

One man writes an open letter because he is proud of it and another writes an anonymous letter because he is ashamed of it.

When a mosquito fills itself full of the blood of a lazy man it hasn't enough energy to fly.

Many have already forgotten the recent wartime prosperity. But they will remember the present slump as long as they live.

Logic never stands much chance against just a plain bosom feelin'.

Parading the fact that there are two million more men than women in the country may make it necessary to conserve husbands by putting them in the songbird list.

Debs entered prison declaring himself a flaming revolutionist, and he hasn't signaled "fire's out" yet.

Adam never had a tailor to tell him that one of his shoulders was lower than the other.

Chicago seems to be leading many of the big towns when it comes to blotting the negatives out of the Ten Commandments.

This country's railroads are not in half as bad condition as Russia's. They were not in control of the government long enough.

A congressman should consider the people of the whole country his constituents, but he doesn't. The people of his own district are the ones he has to meet face to face, when he is up for re-election.

Too Many Railroad Doctors

A Nebraska farmer shipped three sheep to market. His freight bill was $2.40. The price he received for his animals was $1.50.

A North Dakota man sold the hide of a steer and, after the transportation was deducted, he was sent a one-cent postage stamp.

It is this sort of thing, multiplied an infinite number of times over, that is causing so loud a complaint against railroad rates to issue from the agricultural districts. Yet plainly the railroads are not deriving wealth from such seemingly lucrative transportation. The carriers are, in fact, in a bad way. Many of the lines are skirting the precipice of bankruptcy. They are become chronic mendicants in Washington. They are engaged in an interminable wrangle over wage-scales, and even if these scales are reduced by, say 40 per cent, it is unlikely that a concession can be granted on rates. For it is a choice between letting the rates prevail and wrecking the carriers.

A railroad is like a newspaper in that all citizens are steeped in the confidence that they can run it far better than the men on the job. Because of this confidence no state utilities commission has ever felt any hesitancy in giving railroads their orders. The interstate commerce commission, it has been generally accepted, has supplied brains where brains were wanting in railroad offices. Labor organizations, farm societies, multitudes of people, have stuck their fingers into this pie. The results have been unpleasant. A mess has been made of the business. And unquestionably we are paying more today for the work of amateur railroad doctors than for all the wild financiering of which railroad ownership has been guilty.

A first step in bringing down transportation so that the farmers, as well as others, shall have their just due in discharging as many of the quacks as it is possible to get rid of. Their failure ought to be evidence enough of the fact that they are at present an incumbrance. We cannot know what the railroad people can do of their own accord until they have tried. And it is a great many years since they have been permitted to try.

The Tangled Income Tax

The United States borrowed the principle of the income tax from England. We seem to have borrowed at the same time a set of methods of computing the tax and making the returns that for complexity and confusion exceeds everything else in government business.

Anyway, we would like to believe that these methods are of alien origin, not American. And we have this much to go on: A society has been formed in Britain which purposes, through its numbers and its political activity, to force the government to simplify the income tax. It is not trying to reduce or avoid taxes. Its sole aim is to make the thing intelligible to those who make the returns. The head of the organization says that for himself all he asks is that the law be altered so that he "will not have to hire an accountant to ascertain what is my income as the government wants it reckoned."

The American income tax blank, even to the average business man, is an encourager of bad temper, provocative of profanity. We do not doubt that some of the more recent cases of insanity can be traced to struggles with these papers. Because of the intricate system armies of clerks are required in checking up returns, and yet these clerks are two years behind in the work. The most recent report on the income tax is for the year 1919, and was issued only last month. No man can feel certain until after a long passage of time that he will not be called upon to make additional payments—his own mathematics, sincere as it may have been, being unsatisfactory to Washington. And no man can be sure, after he has made additional payments, that these charges are just.

No tax, of course, is popular. But some taxes can be made more likable than others. Such a tax is that on incomes because it is so sound in principle. Yet it is the tax which more than any other raises the fur on people's backs. It should be simplified. Failing in other persuasions, we may have to form a league and use the bludgeon of politics.

Missouri Is Shown

Eighty million dollars will be spent for good roads by the state of Missouri.

Not everyone has had the unforgettable experience of faring forth upon the not-so-good roads of Missouri, and consequently not everyone can appreciate the significance of this $80,000,000 fund. Those who have journeyed into the rich black earth beyond the populous towns, return with wonder-stories of a mud that first catches hold of the outermost edge of the tires, and then climbs up like a living thing to surmount the car and embrace the driver and his family. It is as if the Marsh King of the old fairy tale rose visible from the muck and clasped the frail gas wagon to his breast.

The mud, which when plowed and tilled has done so much to make Missouri, has clogged progress on back country roads in more ways than one. For these same rescued travelers tell of the marvelous leisure of the "houn'-dawg" country, where a scant and strange population live somehow through listless days. They are more or less marooned by the inaccessible roads. Yet they are our own people, our fellow-countrymen, heirs of our great American institutions and our large opportunities.

Highways by sea and land are the wings and arteries of civilization. Through the new avenues Missouri will make prehistoric mold, the life blood of more fortunate regions will flow out, and the virile strength of more primitive life will flow back. New roads in Missouri mean a new era for Missouri, and added vitality to her sister states.

Humanity and the Veterans

A disabled veteran of the World war was last year shifted through 13 different institutions. He was subjected to more than 50 examinations. The total time he spent in traveling was 36 days. Yet in the entire year he received no treatment for his ills.

It is this sort of madhouse administration of veterans' funds it is intended to stop through the Sweet bill, just passed by congress.

In the last fiscal year the government spent $460,000,000 for the relief of those who were injured in the war or acquired disease because of it. But the generosity of the nation was abused and wellnigh came to naught by reason of the maladministration of the funds. Work was duplicated over and over. Money was eaten up in clerk hire. Agencies gave attention to passing responsibilities on to one another when they should have concentrated on bringing the veterans back to health. Silly officers established military discipline in hospitals and cases have been recited where deductions were made from allowances because of petty infractions of unnecessary regulations. Altogether the veterans received a treatment which could scarcely have been worse if it had been administered by the Prussians they pushed out of the Argonne.

The appropriation under the Sweet bill exceeds by about $20,000,000 the expenditures of last year. Yet, to the soldiers, this cannot seem to be the real merit of the act. The best thing about the new deal is that it promises to make the care of the disabled a service efficient and humane. It was high time the change was made.

Cutting Railroad Salaries

The average pay of the chief executives of the railroads is said to be $25,000 a year. The aggregate is about $6,000,000. The amount paid to general officers is said to total in the neighborhood of $25,000,000, that to other officers as much.

A 10 per cent cut in these salaries would save the railroads $5,600,000 a year.

As salaries go in the industries, the income of railroad officers is modest indeed. Yet is their responsibility any less than it is among executives in the automobile industry? Is the service they perform of less consequence than that of officers in the steel mills? Is there any reason for making the captaincy of a railroad less attractive than the running of a textile factory, a foundry or a fertilizer plant?

A movement is in process to lower extravagant salaries in business and manufacturing industries. Unquestionably there are men who are paid far more than they can show the ability to deserve. But we doubt that many such men are in the employ of the railroads, certainly not in positions of great responsibility. An executive who is faced with the labor of pulling an industry out of the hole should be paid more than one who merely sits watching and guarding a prosperous going concern. And the railroads are in a hole. They need to be dragged out. They require for this experienced, highly trained officers. It is stupid to assume that the railroads are going to keep these officers in competition with other industries by docking their pay.

The annual saving of $5,600,000 spread over all the rail lines of the country is a mere drop of water in a hogshead. It will be surprising if the railroads gain anything by this economy, astonishing if wherever opportunity offers the railroads do not lose valuable men, hard schooled in their trade.

The Necessary Element

In opening the Ulster parliament, King George said:

"I appeal to all Irishmen to pause, to stretch out the hand of forbearance and conciliation, to forgive and to forget, and to join in making for the land which they love a new era of peace, contentment and good will."

It was a British monarch who said it. It was a man charged in large part with responsibility for the woes of Ireland. Yet one can scarcely see how the negotiations now going on, how any negotiations, can reach a settlement except by the deliberate exercise of the spirit King George invoked.

Liars dress up the naked truth to keep it from perishing from exposure.

Loafers don't care if Experience is a dear teacher. They don't go to school.

"A fool and his money are soon parted." And a fool and her money are not slow.

A handsome man is one who is agreeable.

The Right Kind of a Wife

BY ROGER W. BABSON

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During the past few months I have been visiting the larger cities of the country for the purpose of meeting my clients. This trip was especially an inspiration, for it took me into the humming factories, the big department stores, and the great office buildings. Having three experts along with me gave me time to visit plants and stores in a way not possible on previous trips.

Interested Wives.

Among other things, I was especially impressed by the interest which the wives and daughters of some of my clients are taking in their husbands' and fathers' business. But it was also painful to see the lack of interest on the part of a large number. Many men could have saved their business in times of panic and many women could have saved their homes, if both had taken a joint interest in the factory, store or office. The husband gets absorbed in the business, the wife gets absorbed in society, shopping or more worthwhile things. This results in a "board fence" developing between the man and wife.

Common Bonds.

We like people who enjoy the same things that we do. You and your husband fell in love with each other because there was some common bond between you. There were things which you both enjoyed together. Later the children came along and they served as a common bond. The building of the home, the struggles of early days, the job of "making both ends meet" gave you and your husband a common interest and you both were happy struggling together. Now do these bonds still exist? The bonds that bear coupons have perhaps killed the ones that bear joy. To women who are threatened with this danger, I say:

"Today your husband's business associates are perhaps closer to him than you are. Today you have social and other friends who may be closer to you than your husband. You and he still love each other and are still faithful to each other. But the children have grown up; you both have all the things which money can buy; and no other common bond has come along to bind you together. He is absorbed in the business about which you know little; while you are busy with your teas, charities, and clubs. As a result you both are slowly but surely drifting apart."

During this trip, however, I met some women who are actually interested in their husbands' business. They are not interfering with the management or inquiring about the finances. They are helping in the employment end. They are acting as sort of unofficial assistants to the employment managers or to the heads of the personnel departments. Instead of fussing with outside charities, these women are getting acquainted with the families dependent upon their husbands. They are relieving the distress within their own ranks.

Charity at Home.

One of these women expressed it to me this way: "I was a member of a local hospital board. One day I was greatly shocked by a report by our matron of three very sad cases. Upon inquiring where the people worked, we were told that two of them worked at the store owned by my husband and from which we have secured all our wealth. Later a similar experience occurred to me in connection with a charitable organization of which I was one of the trustees. As a result, I resigned from both boards and devoted all my spare time to getting acquainted with the people in the stores.

"Today I visit the home of every new employe and call upon the wife and mother. Each day a list of the sick ones is sent to my house by the head nurse of the store. Against certain names will be a star meaning that a call from me would be much appreciated.

"Our greenhouse—which was getting to be more or less of a care—has again become a source of great pleasure. Every day I take flowers to the homes of two or three of my husband's employes. When no one is ill I take flowers to the office and place them about in the dark and disagreeable places where the poorer paid employes work. You have no idea the pleasure this work has been to me. Moreover, it has brought my husband and me closer together. Like the olden days, we now again have a common bond."

I met other women who had caught this new vision. Not only were they happier, but their husbands were very happy about it.

Labor a Woman's Problem.

The labor problem is the greatest care today of the average business man.

The labor problem is essentially a woman's problem. It is a problem of feelings and instincts rather than of agreements and statistics. A woman can diagnose and solve a labor difficulty far better than a man can. A woman appreciates the part which the instincts and emotions play in life. A wife can explain to the family of an employe the real desires and aspiration of her husband, the employer. She can interest them in the factory or store far better than he can. She can also explain him and make friends for him far better than he can do it for himself.

A great deal of trouble and dissatisfaction comes from a disagreeable working environment. Offices and factories are all too often uncomfortable and are sometimes positively harmful places to work in. To make them attractive and homelike requires the attention of a business home-maker. Here then is another place where a wife can help better than anyone else.

A Business Home-Maker.

Business people spend most of their waking hours in the factory, store, or office. I have always felt, therefore, the importance of making the working environment as attractive as the business can afford. The place where the main part of a person's life is spent should have plenty of air and light. Things should be clean and neat. There should be a place to play during off-hours. The grounds should be a pleasant setting for the buildings. I have found that all these factors readily pay for themselves in the increased quality and quantity of resulting output. But even if comfort and happiness were a pure expense, I should still regard the expense as necessary—for workers are entitled to a decent life as well as a decent living.

A very large proportion of modern enterprises are conducted on this policy of maintaining a plant in which the workers can take real pride. Here is a wonderful opportunity for a wife to help her husband. It is house-keeping and home-making on a broader scale. I cannot imagine a woman who would not be interested in a proposition to make several hundred people more comfortable and happy.

Taste, Not Money, Needed.

This is not a question of lavish expenditure but of alert wits, sound taste, and sure sympathies. We are not after gold-plated fountains in the front yard, and a Japanese print in the boiler room. But we do like to have the boiler room kept picked up,—for the sake of the underwriters if nothing more. We want the front yard laid out in such a way that it is a community asset instead of a public nuisance. I have yet to see the business organization which cannot profit in such ways by the touch of a woman's hand. I say **profit** instead of **benefit** because there are direct financial gains in making a plant attractive to employes, to customers, and to the general public.

In their own homes some women can spend a fortune on the house and grounds, and the results are both uncomfortable and inartistic. Other women, at a fraction of the cost, will work wonders. The improvement of a business home is a real problem calling for all the native intelligence and acquired education at a woman's command. Furthermore, there are the added difficulties of dealing with a large group of people. What the workers want is usually very different from what you think they ought to want. The wife who would help instead of hinder and harm must have infinite understanding.

Counselors on Style.

The suggestions already made have applied generally to all women whose husbands are in positions of independent responsibility. It is not necessary for me to make specific recommendations as to special things that the wives of particular classes of business men should do. I leave that to their own ingenuity, satisfied if they once start to think seriously on the subject.

But I would like to make one specific suggestion.

There are many lines of manufacturing and merchandising where success depends upon the elusive element of style. Style is not confined to apparel. It applies likewise to furniture and furnishings, tableware, jewelry, architecture, automobiles—in fact, to almost every kind of business. Think, for example, of the effect upon trade when knitting became fashionable.

Women are born experts on style. Moreover, this is a field peculiarly adapted to a man's wife rather than the regular members of his organization. The place to study styles is not at the mill where goods are made or even at the store where they are sold—but in the social circles where they are to the worn or used.

To show that this is a most practical problem and one especially suited to women's keen intentions and judgment, I quote the following paragraph from a most interesting article appearing in The Dry Goods Economist:

"The heads of departments in stores that serve the fashionable trade have the opportunity of ascertaining something definite as to the trend of style. **Naturally, it is the modish woman who first gets the new ideas.** Information along the same lines can also be obtained from high-class dressmakers and from manufacturers of the more expensive lines of women's wear. **The retailers we have interviewed say they obtain their ideas chiefly from the fashionable women among their own customers."**

Certainly the woman who can foresee these omnipotent swings in style and help her husband anticipate their reaction upon his business, will render him an incalculable service. Here is something which ordinarily cannot be done for him. It is essentially an outside job. It is fundamentally work for a woman and a wife.

Protecting Themselves.

In addition to being of great service, these women who take an active interest in their husband's business are protecting themselves. If their husbands should suddenly die, these women would not be dependent upon the advice of some cold-blooded lawyer or some self-interested partner. These women would be in a position to look out for their interests. So you see that from every point of view it's the thing for many more women to do. If your wife is not doing it, look into it. Have her get acquainted with the employment manager, and especially with the factory or store nurses. This offers a wonderful opportunity to help the business and to enjoy oneself at the same time.

These suggestions are primarily to the wife of the man who is in business for himself. But ever a greater opportunity for service exists for the young wife whose husband is working for another. The success or failure of most men is due to the influence of their wives. And so business men urge young wives to encourage their husbands in their work, speak well of their employers, and arrange the household so as to help the bread winner in every possible way.

THE GOLD CURE FOR THAT RUN-DOWN FEELING.

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Patience

Time teaches us a lot of things.
In earlier years when we were young,
The angry and the hasty tongue
Produced a round of bickerings.
And many a trifling fault we made
Into a sin of scarlet shade.

The little disappointments then
By selfish eyes were magnified.
We could not put our whims aside,
Lest joys might never come again.
And many bitter days and nights
Were spent in battling for our rights.

Then we were quick to take offense,
One careless word upon our ears
Brought hatred and a flood of tears;
Young people have no better sense—
And we were young and did not know
Enough to let the trifles go.

But Time has taught us many things.
Where once we quarreled, now we smile,
We've learned that anger's not worth while
And found the peace which patience brings.
Now, sharing all its joys and woes,
We take life as it comes and goes.

(Copyright, 1921, by Edgar A. Guest.)

WAIT A MINUTE

BY HOWARD P. WARWICK

Uncle Henry says: "The first thing I look forward to after returning home from a vacation is payday."

Life's Discomforts

Trying to fall asleep while the mosquitoes sing lullabies in your ears.

A girl doesn't have to be very big to fill a modern bathing suit.

Some people never change their minds because they haven't any to change.

Many a boy who imagines that he'll die a millionaire lives long enough to learn that he's lucky if he dies outside the poorhouse.

One who never reads a newspaper usually talks as if he didn't.

It makes a husband happy to hear his wife say she has enough clothes for the next six months, but few husbands ever get to be that happy.

UNCLE HENRY'S EPISTLES.

Letter to his nephew, Bill, upon returning from his annual vacation.

Dear Bill:

I suppose you will be overjoyed to hear from me after all this time, but I was so busy hunting hotels, boat docks and dodging tip collectors during my vacation that I did not have time to search for a postoffice. Your aunt hopes now that I'll have better success eluding the bill collectors than I did avoiding the tip collectors. Of course you know how a fellow feels when he succeeds in finishing a hard job. I felt the same way when I finished my vacation. I now have a year in which to rest.

Vacations are like wars. You start out amid enthusiastic hurrahs and after it is over you are disabled both physically and financially. After bombarding porters, bellboys and waiters with dimes and quarters you sign an armistice, return home and spend a month waiting for enough paydays to enable you to reconstruct your bank account.

After deciding to go to Yellowstone park we went to Niagara Falls because boats don't run to Wyoming and your aunt wanted to take a boat trip. Now she is so sick of a boat that she won't even sit in a rocking chair. My vacation was divided into six parts—Niagara Falls, boats, hotels, restaurants, rubberneck wagons and home.

Niagara Falls is the mecca of tourists, honeymooners and darn fools at this time of the year. The tourists go there to see the falls and help the restaurant and hotel men and taxi drivers in the vicinity to make a living. The honeymooners take this trip because the falls are similar to married life. The water, like bridegrooms, takes the plunge over the brink without realizing what lies at the bottom. The darn fools go there to ride over the falls in barrels. Your aunt also viewed the falls when she managed to get her eyes off the store windows filled with junk called souvenirs.

We journeyed across Lake Erie by boat. During the day it was crowded with excursionists who took special delight in circumnavigating the vessel several times every hour, grinding your corns while doing so. I spent two nights in a stateroom. The first was a warm evening. The room was about as large and felt about as cool as a drygoods box lying on the edge of a sidewalk on a hot day. After sleeping in a stateroom I will always pity the animals who live in shells. They call them staterooms, but I wouldn't be guilty of keeping a pigeon in one. There are two berths in each room, each about knee-high, like a woman's skirt. If you don't believe me I will show you my skinned knees, the ceiling being rather rough.

The least said about the hotels the better one feels. About all one gets from a hotel is the bill, but that is sufficient.

Restaurants are supposed to be places where one can eat, but that is a mistake. Of course you can eat if you are not particular about what you eat. Almost every food is printed on the menu, but there doesn't seem to be much in the kitchen. Judging from the bills presented to you with the toothpicks every article of food sold in a restaurant where tourists congregate is sprinkled with radium dust.

We rode in a rubberneck wagon while away. That was your aunt's idea. We were supposed to do the rubbernecking, but the people we passed did most of it. I felt like a circus lion does when he rides in a cage around the streets during the parade.

The best part of the vacation was reaching home. After unlocking the door and searching the house for possible burglars your aunt and I decided we had a good time. Then as there were a few days of my vacation left which hadn't been spent—which is more than I could say about my dollars—she spoiled everything by informing me that we would clean the cellar the next day. Such is life.

Your pleasure-loving
Uncle Henry.

GERMAN CENSOR BANS FILM OF BLACK TROOPS ON RHINE

The chief German motion picture censor has denied a permit to the Rhenish woman's league for a public exhibition of a 500 meter film entitled The Black Past, dealing with the question of colored troops on the Rhine.

The denial of the permit was made on the grounds that the film was not only worthless as propaganda, but was also calculated to injure German prestige abroad.

ABE MARTIN

Th' circus here yisterday opened its program with th' Star Spangled Banner, an' when ever'buddy stood up th' ushers shoved cushions under 'em an' made 'em pay a dime.

Mr. and Mrs. Winsor Kale have left their measurements for an apartment in Hampton Court, east o' th' livery stable.

EXPIRED HATRED

BY WALT MASON.

OUR hatred of the Germans, a few brief months ago, inspired our songs and sermons, filled every tale of woe; but now we are all jumping to keep our rolls from slumping; we are so busy humping the hatred has to go. We used to hate the kaiser, the author of all crime; but now if we're not wiser, at least we have less time; we have to wield our axes while yet the Summer waxes, to pay our income taxes, when comes the Winter time. I'm glad that angry passion forsakes the human breast, that we, in kindly fashion, can let old spectres rest, that we grow tired of hating, and keeping teeth a-grating; the rows of beans are waiting for the hoes, and hoing's best. When Kaiserbill first started his well known sawing stunt, I viewed him granite-hearted, and hoped his saw was blunt; I hoped the wood was knotted, with rusty nails bespotted, and that the job dod-rotted would wilt his martial front. But now I see him sawing—which is the worst of jobs—and seem to hear him drawing his breath in gasping sobs; I pause in my home brewing to wish him easy hewing; for what's the use pursuing with hate that poor old nobs? I used to hate the Germans from eight o'clock till ten, and after Sabbath sermons I'd hate them o'er again; but old time hates are breaking, and gentler thoughts are waking while I am busy raking to earn some iron men.

SAYS MARYLAND HAS 64,000 WHO ARE UNABLE TO WRITE

More than 64,000 persons of 10 years of age and over in Maryland are unable to write, the census bureau announced, but the percentage of illiteracy in that state decreased from 7.2 in 1910 to 5.6 in 1920. A total of 13,575 native born whites were included among those unable to write.

VARIETIES

Ceylon produces the world's finest cinnamon.

Edgar Allen Poe received $10 for "The Raven."

Aluminum is the only metal that will not rust.

The national anthem of Uruguay has 70 verses.

In England a football team consists of 15 men.

All gold found in Tibet belongs to the Lama church.

Red is the color of good fortune among the Chinese.

Ceylon yields more than 1,000,000,000 cocoanuts a year.

The shah of Persia has a magnificent alabaster throne.

Both men and women of Persia smoke the water pipe.

Silkworms like warmth, but can not stand the hot season.

False teeth of sycamore wood were used by the ancient Greeks.

Blindness, in nearly 40 per cent of cases, occurs after the age of 45.

In France the maximum penalty for cruelty to animals is a fine of $3.

Some of the best hour glasses contain powdered eggshell in place of sand.

The system of preserving green fodder by ensilage was invented in France.

The Chinese republic appropriates $4,000,000 a year for its imperial court.

Green is a color much disliked in China, for it is thought to be unlucky.

Wall paper too bold or bright in pattern is said to be bad for the nerves.

Sheep store their surplus fat in their tails, as camels do in their humps.

Wolverines will break into a beaver habitation and destroy the inmates.

The order of the iron cross was instituted by Frederick William III in 1813.

The first Dutch church in America was built in 166 in Breuckelen, now Brooklyn.

Chinese believe fossils are dragon bones and think they possess medicinal qualities.

In the old China of empire days soldiering was regarded the basest of occupations.

The amir of Afghanistan and India decreed absolute prohibition in the year 1930.

Queen Sophia of Greece is reported to have become a convert to woman suffrage.

Knitting was not invented until the art of weaving had been practiced for centuries.

The flight of the pterodactyl, a true lizard, was mechanically almost like that of the bat.

Indus, Ganges and Himalaya received the names they bear today in the ancient Vedic age.

Phoenicians were of Semitic origin while Thracians, Greeks and Romans claimed Aryan descent.

The healthiest baby in London, as shown by recent tests, is an infant at the Chinese legation.

The emperor of China has never abdicated, and still holds court, though he does not rule.

The oldest tree in the world is believed to be in Ceylon, and now is in its twenty-second century.

Cough lozenges are to be supplied free to worshipers with troublesome coughs in a London church.

It is the boast of the dairymen of Holland that in their country there is a cow to every inhabitant.

The Avars, who swept southern Europe in the sixth century, disappeared from history after 827.

As much as $25,000 has been paid in London for a simple and easily remembered telephone number.

The highest postoffice in the world is at Pharjiong, in Tibet, situated 14,300 feet above the sea level.

The inhabitants of Jutland are believed to be the most genuine specimens of the old Danish stock.

Lake Victoria, in Africa, the second largest fresh water lake in the world, is almost exactly circular.

All plants generate electricity when alive, and when they die this is discharged into the atmosphere.

Some of Berlin's numerous military barracks are being converted into tenements for working people.

Moles have few enemies among predatory animals, hawks and owls apparently not relishing their flesh.

In 1517 Liverpool was mentioned in a petition to Queen Elizabeth as "her majesty's poor decayed town."

Women patrons of the gambling casino at Monte Carlo outnumber the men, as a general thing, two to one.

One tradition has it that Mohammed drew up the Koran with the aid of a Persian Jew and a Nestorian monk.

A large deposit of platinum has recently been discovered near Sulphur Rock, Ark., according to late reports.

Sole leather that also is suitable for heels of all kinds of shoes is being made in Germany from leather waste.

There are toads in India that eagerly swallow bits of red-hot charcoal with no apparent discomfort.

Hues of humming birds differ in different parts of the world, but those in Arizona are perhaps the most brilliant.

"Esquire" is really the French "ecuyer" which means a "shield bearer." "Mr." is just the shortened form of "Master."

A flat object falls more slowly than a round one of the same weight, because it has a bigger surface for the air to act on as a buffer.

Owing to the scarcity of natural and chemical manures, Germany's corn lands have been manured with mustard since the war.

The United States uses about 100,000,000 cords of wood annually for fuel, of which 80 per cent is consumed in the rural districts.

The great black Arara cockatoo of New Guinea cracks a hard nut by first weakening the shell by sawing it with his beak and then breaking it.

One species of monkey, known as the Potos monkey, is very swift. Built somewhat like a greyhound, it can gallop at a speed of 18 miles an hour, and outdistance a good pony.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

AT WORK AND PLAY

MARTHA HOLDEN.

RODI was on his way to the Museum of Art, but stopped at the School of Design next door for a few minutes because of the assembled class attracted his attention through the long windows of the school.

Benches, long tables, crayons, charts and sketches made him feel at home. As Rodi had spent his life in the midst of such things. The childrens' class appealed to him most of all, small boys were so absorbed that they did not notice him. One, poising his brush dripping with yellow paint, was observing the effect of yellow curved lines on the roof of a green Noah's Ark which he had made out of wood. Another was busily sawing animals from a thin board and a left-handed artist was painting a frightful dragon with tail so long and complicated that Rodi's fingers ached to help him. When a curly headed girl turned around and said "See my new dragon!" he was surprised to find that she had used the portrait of the face of Charles V for a model and had drilled a hole through the peak of her white cap and had arranged her arms in a grotesque position suitable for holding the weight of a wrap. Hanging on a peg must have been a new thrill for Her Majesty.

A ball of blue rags rolled almost at his feet and Rodi, like a Fairy Prince, followed the narrow strip of blue cloth which had unwound, until he came upon the Princess busily weaving. Slipping the huge bobbin between the separated threads was a graceful task for her nimble fingers.

Hanging on the walls were samples of modern weaving—rugs, scarfs and bags, all made by the industrious students.

"Are you interested in modern fashions?" they asked him.

"Indeed I am," he replied as he watched the design of a "1921" gown growing under the pencil of an artist who was taking the style from a Doucet Doll, a miniature Mary Stuart. Scotland's queen of course did not guess that the reproduction of her regal gown with ruff at neck and stays at waist could be made more attractive by straighter lines and shortened sleeves, and Louise de La Valliers, of the court of Louis XIV, probably never dreamed that the many puffs of her voluminous sleeves would some day be replaced and reduced to one large puff, and that the ample folds of her "pompadour" skirt would be responsible for the hoops in the evening gown to be worn at formal gatherings years after.

Nobody was caught watching the clock for dismissal—creative ability is far too fascinating for such interruptions, but the hour came and several lingered in the class rooms and drawing room where they were begging Rodi for a story.

"Perhaps you would like to hear about how Francia's famous painting Virgin with a Child and St. Francis' was lost and found."

"Oh please tell us," they begged as they settled themselves comfortably in expectation.

"In 1919," he began, "this invaluable painting hung in the Italian National Art Galleries in Bologna, Marco de Giacoma, a namesake of Il Francia's, was a discouraged painter and he was hungry. He thought his paintings were good but his friends, being solemn and critical judges, scoffed at his work and his ability. None of his work sold but then nothing sold anyway—nobody seemed to have any money after the war. One day when he valued his life less than nothing, he wandered into the galleries and gazed at the 'Virgin with a Child' again. In the pre-war days he had loved it but not until after the horrible suffering and want did he get such pleasure as he felt at this time. The expression of peace on the faces filled him with keen pleasure. His imagination had become so warped that he began to feel that he could paint like that if he could have the canvas all to himself in his own room. He became obsessed with the desire of possession, if only long enough to copy. He stole it. No one knows how. He took it to his room and placed it alone on the wall. He became seriously ill from the lack of food. His only feast was the beauty of his new possession. He gazed until his eyes grew tired, his head became too heavy to hold off his cot. Death overtook him in the presence of the masterpiece. Never once did he feel guilt.

"Amato, an old friend, with the intuitive instinct of his race paid a dilatory call and was horrified to find him dead. That horror was nothing, however, to his terror when he realized that he was looking past his friend's body at the lost painting of Il Francia's. Could it be? His memory of his boyhood friendship with Marco overwhelmed him—he must save his name—he must find a way to hide the canvas.

"America! Could he get it there? He planned for days, each hour filled with the fear that its hiding place in his own room would be discovered. He decided to risk it. How he smuggled it into America remains as unknown as were the details of Marco's theft.

"He found lodging above an Italian restaurant on New York's East Side, but he was afraid to try to sell the painting and he did not have enough money to get back home and he could find no work. Terrible fear possessed him as he soon lacked money to pay for his food and lodging, but he judged the proprietor wisely—he'd take a chance. Surely that stupid greasy Italian knew nothing of art. He posed as an artist, he bargained for meals—he was successful and handed over the old master in payment and promptly disappeared. Amato had saved his friend's name.

"In 1921, Captain Pierre Tozzi, an Italian artist and collector, while sojourning in America, ordered spaghetti a la Italian in the same restaurant. While eating alone, his attention was attracted by the magnificence of spirit, contour and color in the 'Virgin with a Child' hanging on a rear wall. What if it were the missing original? Had he wandered into this place to make this great discovery? Hastily calling in connoisseurs, they examined it eagerly and were convinced, but the masterpiece was sent to Italy to be positively identified and will in time hang again in its place in Bologna."

Rodi had romanced to these children even more than he had intended for their flattering attention and the background of painted Italian garlands and the atmosphere of the school had penetrated into his imagination.

The little girl who had been painting the portrait of the wife of Charles V on the wooden hanger looked inquisitively into his eyes and asked, "Is that true?"

"Bless you no, child, only parts of it," he answered.

Sketching Class on Museum Grounds

Boys and girls learning to express their own ideas with pencil and crayon, find the hours at the Toledo Museum of Art one of their greatest pleasures.

BOYS AND GIRLS

"Place a spray in thy belt, or a rose on thy stand,
When thou settest thyself to a commonplace seam;
Its beauty will brighten the work in thy hand,
Its fragrance will sweeten each dream."

Hiking in Wisconsin.

I wonder if I can come again so soon, but I just have to say hurrah for The Blade. I've always dreamed that we would have more room some day and now we have. King Philip, your letter was fine. I came to see if you all didn't want to take a walk with me and we'll have a marshmallow roast. I know just the place on the lake shore. Please come. It's nearly 4 o'clock now, so let's hurry. We'll go down the old logging road, it's only about a mile and on the way I'll show you a little glimpse of Nature. See, we are walking in clover half way to our knees. It is all in blossom, doesn't it smell sweet?

Oh, stop a minute and now go softly and we'll see what's on the other side of the bend of the road. See, just as I thought, there's an old mother rabbit with four little rabbits. They are getting their supper, which consists of the bark of young alder and white clover. There, they see us and away they go. Hear the old one's thump, thump as she warns other rabbits. Look above your heads. You are amazed, I know, to find that you can find but very little sky because the trees bend way over to the center, making a most beautiful green arch.

Now your attention is called to a poor partridge that is flopping right square in the path. Did I hear someone say, "Oh, the poor thing is hurt." But it isn't; if you listen closely you will hear the whir whir of many wings. They are merely young partridges getting out of sight, and hearing, while your attention is taken up with the mother. Bachelor Billy, try to catch her, she goes faster and faster and soon flies off, laughing no doubt, if birds can laugh, at the nice way she has fooled you.

Now let's notice the wild flowers that are growing in the woods, ferns as high as your waist, bluebells as blue as the sky. What are these pretty red flowers in the swamp? Those are pitcher plant flowers, aren't they handsome? And what are those sweet smelling trees? Those are white cedar; pinch their flat boughs, then smell. Woodsy, isn't it?

Listen, don't you hear the sound of water that is rushing over the stones among cat tails and rushes? It is running over rocks that sparkle like diamonds—what makes it do that? The black and white mica that forms part of the rocks, the water is shallow and you can see little pebbles of colors that no one on earth can name. Our path leads down the river and we go over this bridge made of unpealed cedar poles. I believe I hear everyone squealing with delight. The sun is going down fast so let us hurry. We are on one of the most beautiful sand beaches on one of the most beautiful lakes of Wisconsin. See all the colors reflected in the lake, just like a mirror. See the pine tree reflected in the water. Doesn't it look as though Mother Nature had turned the world upside down?

Now everybody help gather some pine cones and branches and start our fire for the marshmallow roast, get some nice sharp sticks and get our marshmallows out of our kit and eat all you can. Now for the canoes and home—wait, sit still just for one minute. Did those alder bushes part over on the other side of the bay? No? Well, just wait a minute and you'll see something worth while—see it is an old buck, a doe and a fawn who have come to drink. See them lift their heads and sniff the air—they smell us now and presently they'll run—away they go with a snort of fear.

Away we go gliding along in the golden path of the full moon. Listen to the weird call of the night birds, the fox and the wolf and the soft tinkle of cowbells in some pasture. Let's softly hum "Till We Meet Again." I hope you all enjoyed our walk, but I am sure I have had the most wonderful time of all.—Miss Humpty Dumpty.

Joy and Youth.

Will you please send the W. B. to bed while I slip in so he will not see me? I am so slim I could hide behind anyone, I am as slim as a toothpick. I am a farmer girl, I help in the house some too. My father and mother read the Blade through and through. I love to ride the horse when we pull in hay and build the load—and rake. Is the waste basket awake? Tell him I am in and I can hide and he will not see me. I have freckles and a dark complexion. My hair is as curly as a little pig's tail. Morning Glory. (Ohio).

Is Real American.

May I enter your circle? I am a sophomore in high school, sixteen years of age and have light brown hair and eyes and fair complexion. As patriotism seems to be a topic of the letters to the Blade, would like to say that I am American clear through and proud of it. I enjoy reading the letters of the many cousins, but never thought about writing before but after reading the letter of a girl from my town, thought I would venture. Now please Aunt Martha, don't throw this in the waste basket. I would like to hear from some of the cousins. Ernestine McIntire, Box 403, Jane Lew, W. Va.

Get Albums Ready

Congratulations, Fred Sleath! Best wishes to both you and your ideal Jene, Archer, I think you made a good suggestion when you suggested changing snapshots. I think it would be great to have a whole album full of pictures from Blade friends from so many different places. How many are willing to exchange? Let's get busy or we may forget, there is so much to talk and think about in the letters now. I think, however, that there should be one condition that Aunt Martha should share too. Isn't that fair?

Aunt Martha, were you ever at Gambier? I suppose so, for you described it so well in your story. I live about 10 miles from there, and am well acquainted with the town, have an aunt living there whom I visit often. I taught about two miles from Gambier this winter and took music lessons there. Perhaps you have been through my own home town; now, if I had only known, I might have been able to get a snapshot.

It seems to be the custom to give an account of oneself on entering this circle, an introduction, I suppose you call it. Well, that will not take long, as I am not very long myself, 5 feet 1½ inches tall, or maybe a little more now—I'd like to make it more than that, but I suppoes I'd better stick to the sawed-off truth. I have blue eyes, brown hair and (we'll whisper this) some freckles. As to my life history briefly At present I am home keeping house for my father and brothers here on the farm; past, I taught school for two Winters, going to Summer school between terms; as for the future, I am no fortune teller, but will trust to luck. We have been having some warm weather here in Ohio, but as Pollyanna says, "We can be glad of that" for it sure does make the corn grow. Weeds, too, if I might add such a word.

I suppose you are all wondering when this long-winded gossip will run down. Pretty soon now, but there is one thing more I'd like to ask about. Haven't I a twin, too? Some are having such luck! Dib, you surely are fortunate. If there is anyone who will be 20 September 25, please let me know through The Blade. So long.—Gypsy Jane.

We Catch Old Maid.

Did someone say I was welcome? I am coming to your Corner again, after seeing the letter from Cecil Mack. I can do nothing but plead guilty, Cecil, when I read your letter, asking if I were thinking about my ideal. But I believe I could "think my head off" and not find him.

Now here I am rambling, when I came expressly to tell you all about a wonderful fishing trip I had not long ago. We (meaning 12 people) started one morning at daylight, drove 30 miles in a truck and arrived at 1 P. M.

We caught 151 "chubs" and three ground hogs, and were home in two days. While we were there we saw some beautiful scenery. There was a man's head, cut in the rock, that was as natural as life. We saw cliffs of rock that were 200 feet high. Trees that were 100 feet high only reached half way to the top of the cliffs.

We also went to a deserted village. There was a large store there that wasn't occupied. Houses that were of the best were empty. And a fine sulphur spring was close at hand.

It was an ideal place for campers and I wish I might go again and take you all with me.

Since I last wrote to The Blade I have been overwhelmed with letters and cards. I answered every one I received.

As my letter is getting lengthy, I will close. If anyone asks who wrote this letter, just tell them—Old Maid of West Va.

A Sailor Cousin Sails In.

Please let this pass that dreadful old waste basket, although if it does not, will try again. You see sailors are the kind that don't give up, until the last hopes are gone. Ruth of U. S. A. thinks I have started bragging right off the reel. Oh! no! she doesn't know all the sailors yet. I went to sea and have not kept up with my cousins of The Blade corner. I have started in again. Who said their hobby was books? And outdoor sports—they have a twin at that if not in age. I suppose I had better give my description as everyone likes to know who is writing—here goes: I am five feet, five inches tall, weight 135 pounds, am 18 years old, have dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and as it is my first time, will stop before Aunt Martha blackballs me.—Sailor Bill.—(Written from U. S. S. Tennessee, off California Coast).

Art in the Home

Cretonne Holders.

No kitchen is complete without holders, any housewife knows, but few kitchens are graced with holders to pretty that they attract the eye even before the savory odors attract the attention of the hungry family. Maybe that is putting it too strong but try it and see—hang near the stove a set of cretonne holders lined and bound with plain material to match the color scheme of your kitchen. Neighbors bringing a plate of fresh doughnuts or other goodies will look on with envious eyes, and the children will bargain for a turn to look at the beans, for the large holder fits snugly over the hands and protects the wrists, too, from the heat, when lifting crocks and pans out of the oven.

A kitchen, perhaps, is the most interesting room in the house. It goes without saying that it should be immaculate, bright, airy and attractive.

Select cretonne with small pattern, cut oval piece 20x6 inches, also plain material exactly the same size and several thicknesses of old flannel to lay between (do not make too thick as holders will require many washings). Cut ends to form pockets for hands, line, and baste all five thicknesses together: oval cretonne, flannel, lining, lining of pocket and cretonne of pocket. Bind free edge of pockets and entire edge of holder with bias tape or bias band of plain material. The small holders are simple to make, the most convenient size being 6x6 inches. Do not forget the loop of tape by which they may hang themselves when tired of service.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

No life is strong and complete,
But it yearns for the smile of a friend.

—Wallace Bruce.

HIS FAITHFUL HORSE

Away back in the previous century, before the "horse and buggy" had been made a joke by the automobile, which was then only to be seen in the circus parade, the writer one August day hitched up his horse to the side bar buggy and left his old home town in northern New York, to visit some relatives some miles distant. After spending a pleasant week with them, having no "home ties" to call him back and being at an adventurous and somewhat romantic age, he concluded to go a bit further, possibly to find the "pot of gold at the end of the rainbow." So he drove across the northern tier of New York counties to Plattsburg, on picturesque Lake Champlain.

A few miles brought him to Ausable chasm, with its granite walls about 100 feet high in places, through which the Ausable river rushes its way onward, through its new channel to drown itself a little later in Lake Champlain. A thrilling legend of the place is that one of the natives had removed to distant parts, returning on horseback after many years, to visit the old place and arrived at the nearby village after dark. When questioned by his old acquaintances as to what route he had returned by, he said he had come by the road leading over the chasm bridge. They replied that could not be, as the bridge had long been a ruin. He maintained that it had been his route, so an examination was made, which revealed that his faithful horse had carried him safely over the yawning chasm, on the last remaining timber of the old bridge.

From there a drive of about 35 miles was made, through the "Wilmington notch," past old Haystack mountain, loming high above the road to Lake Placid, one of the rarest gems of the Adirondack mountains. A two-mile drive from Lake Placid took me to the grave we have all sung about, but perhaps few know where it is located, that of John Brown, whose soul "goes marching on." It may be here that John Brown secured a grant of a tract of land of 1,100 acres through the efforts of Garret Smith, upon which he undertook to start a colony of escaped slaves. I'm only fairly started on this drive, but surely our good Mar a can use this valuable space to better purpose. Judging by the selection of poems called for, I conclude there are many Scotch people among our readers. In recognition of them, I adopt the sobriquet of "Wanderin' Willie."

OCTOBER LILACS.

A good humorist once tested his readers in a description of an October day. It was Indian summer, glorious with purple lilacs and a hazy sky where almost out of sight "a solitary oesophagus slept on motionless wing." Not many of his readers could "swallow" the oesophagus, but to his great amusement no one seemed to notice anything peculiar about lilacs in October. The joke was on the humorist himself, for October lilacs are not in the least peculiar, and many people revel in two crops of blossoms a year because they know how to produce them in the Fall. The knowledge should be especially welcome to those cousins who mourned the loss of the lilacs this Spring, owing to the severe late frosts.

Here's how: Select your bush—one that has bloomed before—and in the last week in August, shear off every leaf at the middle of its stem. Sounds cruel, doesn't it? A neighbor seeing me shear a bush, protested, but when I told her it was on the same principle that her husband applied when he lighted his hen house, so the hens would get up early and lay too eggs a day, she quickly saw there was no cruelty in it at all, and engaged a bunch of flowers. But there will be both cruelty and no flowers if the bush is not properly cared for. Give it fertilizer and be sure that it always has plenty of water and soon the leaf and flower buds will swell and in due time there will be the Spring profusion of foliage and lovely flowers, white or purple. Continue giving it water and before Winter sets in, the buds for next Spring will have formed as usual. It is simply a matter of forcing a bush to work faster, for plants like human beings have reserve strength which can be used in case of emergency to make good the loss of the lilacs this Spring and to satisfy our hunger for them at least once a year.—Emma Stockinger, Versailles, Ind.

To Brighten Carpets

A weak solution of alum will brighten the colors of a faded carpet. Apply the solution after the carpet has been thoroughly swept.

Short and Sweet

There is such a good idea in one of our M. G. R.'s letters, that we are using it in Short and Sweet. Now maybe you all feel the honor of "landing" in Short and Sweet. Father's Housekeeper had a few minutes to write to us before supper time; first she approves of Bachelor Billy's criticism of roads, she thinks too that they are not for city folks for when the farmer meets an auto he has to move. She enjoys the Dream Ship letters and has made the cleverest suggestion that we plan a picnic and each one who takes something good to eat will tell the readers of the Household Page how it is made. Now isn't that a good plan? Who is going on the picnic? Aunt Martha for one, and she will think of the best "eats" she knows of to take and will try to get them in "Mixing with Martha" next week.

"Great minds"! Puzzled of Ohio puts up a lunch every day for her brother and finds it hard to think of something different, and asks if the cousins won't write suggestions for new dishes and discoveries to be published in the Household Page, to help young housekeepers.

Though her father has taken the Blade for years and years, Arline of the W. Va. Hills has not yet found her twin. Is it possible that Oct. 30 is the birthday of only one of our readers? She has not found her twin but she cannot expect all the luck, for what do you suppose she has found—her ideal! Won't you congratulate her? Especially the cousins from the West where she hopes to go some day. Arthur McIntosh and Lone Traveler, Arline's not the only one who would enjoy hearing from you again.

Easy of W. Va., an honest-to-goodness country girl and a music lover "just loves to read the cousins' letters." Miss Enid R. Kitterman, Masonville, W. Va, was 20 years old Aug. 10 and her friend "Easy" asked us to give her a card shower, but while the intentions were good the letter came too late, unless you all get busy and send one anyway.

"Gangway folks, let me have a clear track right to 'A Badger'". Sucker has a chip on his shoulder about baseball—he does not understand how a game called at 2:30 can interfere with church, and he says the players never do any rooting so he plays detective and deducts that A Badger is not a fan. He was a little bit peeved (yes we'll admit it). He asks Bachelor Billy for his opinion as he impresses Sucker as having pretty good sense. Your cue, B.B. is to agree with him after that, don't you think?

We have the promise of another picture for the Club Room Scrap book or should we be old fashioned and call it our "Album?" Anyway, Rose Bud and her ideal are going to be married and their picture certainly would be welcome. Rose Bud anything you want to ask about Fashions just ask your Auntie as she is the same Martha Holden on both pages and will gladly help you all she can.

Anybody would think that this was June, the way the "ideals" are being found, here is another girl from Polk Township, Indiana, who writes us that she thinks Lavant Owen is right about being able to find one's ideal for she has found hers. We hope we can have some fall weddings described so we will all feel that we have been there—Save your old shoes, cousins!

Snatches From W. B.

Lavant Owen, PLEASE come back, Farmer Girl. I am a farmer's girl but I don't like to work out in the field. I can bake the best custard pies you ever ate and can do most any kind of cooking, too.—Norena.

Pearlie Cunningham, I would dearly love to meet you.—Country Belle.

Oh, say, have I a twin? I'll be "sweet sixteen" Aug. 18.—Michigan Peach.

I look like Peggy Anne of West Virginia; have I a twin? I was 17, May 15—Roxie Rohrbough.

I enjoy the boys and girls' page best of all. The letters are all so good that I cannot tell which one is best. I would be glad to hear from any of the boys and girls who care to write to me.—Ida Wells of Ky.

Cousins, I am getting a collection of pictures and I would like to exchange snapshots. I will leave my address when I come again, that is, if I am wanted, and if any of you cousins were born Jan. 5, 1905, let me know your address and I will write to you. Say, Cousins, what is your ambition for the future? Mine is to work and earn the money, then build what I call an ideal home. What do you think of my ambition?—Sammy.

Mixing With Martha

Piccalilli.

Two gallons green tomatoes chopped fine, 8 large onions, 3 qts. cider vinegar, 3 tbls. black mustard seed, 3 tbls. white mustard seed, 1 tbls. ground cloves, 1 tbls. ground allspice, 1 tbls. ground mace, 2 tbls. ground black pepper, 2 tbls. ground white pepper, four pepper pods, 1 tbls. celery seed, 1 qt. granulated sugar. Mix well together. Chop tomatoes fine and let them stand over night sprinkled with salt; drain in the morning and then mix in the spices and boil till tender. One bushel of tomatoes makes this recipe about once and a half.

Nut Conserve.

Two pts. grape juice, 2 lbs. sugar, 4 oranges sliced thin, 1 lemon, juice and grated rind, 1½ lbs. seeded and chopped raisins, 2-3 lb. English walnuts chopped, ¼ lb. filberts chopped not too fine. Dissolve sugar in the juice. Add the other ingredients and slowly simmer for one hour, or until a thick marmalade.

POETS' CORNER

The Three Warnings

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years,
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dobson's wedding day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride and come with me."
"With you? and quit my Susan's side?
With you?" the hapless bridegroom cried;
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared."
What more he urged, I have not heard;
His reasons could not well be stronger.
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer;
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hourglass trembled, while he spoke.
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell; no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
These several warnings you shall have
Before you're summon'd to the grave.
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well pleas'd, the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted, perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he liv'd, how wisely and how well,
It boots not that the muse should tell;
He plow'd, he sowed, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace;
But, while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track, content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood
As all alone he sat,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half kill'd with wonder and surprise,
"So soon return'd!" old Dobson cries.
"So soon d'ye call it?" Death replies;
"Surely my friend, you're but in jest;
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now four score."
"So much the worse!" the clown rejoin'd;
"To spare the aged would be kind;
Besides, you promis'd me three warnings,
Which I have looked for, nights and mornings!"

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend; at
I little thought that you'd be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
Yet still you seem to have your strength."

"Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast;
I have been lame, these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And surely, sir, to see one's friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith;
But there's some comfrot still," says Death,
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,
I've grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the specter stern rejoin'd,
"These are unpardonable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings;
So come along! no more we'll part."
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now, old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

The Crowded Ways

Walter J. Gresham.

'Tis but half a truth the poet has sung
Of the house by the side of the way;
Our Master had neither a house nor a home,
But He walked with the crowd by day.
And I think, when I read of the poet's desire,
That a house by the road would be good,
But service is found in its tenderest form
When we walk with the crowd in the road.

So, I say, let me walk with the men in the road,
Let me seek out the burdens that crush,
Let me speak a kind word of good cheer to the weak
Who are falling behind in the rush.
There are wounds to be healed, there are breaks we must mend,
There's a cup of cold water to give;
And the man in the road, by the side of his friend,
Is the man who has learned how to live.

Then tell me no more of the house by the road,
There is only one place I can live;
It's there with the men who are toiling along,
Who are needing the cheer I can give.
It is pleasant to live in the house by the way,
And befriend as the poet has said;
But the Master is bidding us "Bear ye their load,
For your rest waiteth yonder ahead."

I could not remain in the house by the road,
And watch the toilers go on,
Their faces beclouded with pain and with sin,
So burdened their strength nearly gone.
I'll go to their side, I'll speak in good cheer,
I'll help them to carry their load;
And I'll smile at the man in the house by the way,
As I walk with the crowd in the road.

Out there in the road that goes by the house
Where the poet is singing his song,
I'll walk and I'll work midst the heat of the day,
And I'll help falling brothers along.
Too busy to live in the house by the way,
To happy for such an abode,
And my heart sings its praise to the Master of all
Who is helping me serve in the road.

The Seminole's Reply

G. W. Patten.

Blaze with your serried columns!
I will not bent the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder.
When the tempest muttered low.
And where it falls ye well may dread
The lightning of the blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain,
Go count your chosen where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty!
The paleface I defy!
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And blood my battle cry!

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
Ye've trailed me o'er the stream;
Ye've trailed me through the everglade,
Your glistening bayonets gleam;
But I stand as should a warrior,
With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns you—Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with my eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter,
I ne'er will be your slave,
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
Till I sink beneath the wave.

Our Queer Language

When the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew," but likewise "few"?
And the maker of a verse
Can not cap his "horse" with "worse"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";
"Cord" is different from "word";
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose";
And think of "goose"—and yet of "choose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb";
"Doll" and "roll"; and "home" and "some."
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood" and "food" and "good";
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"?
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sounds and letters disagree.

Our Correspondents

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

The first request he has made since last year comes from Mr. G. C. Aery who says he is still alive although he was this side of 90 when he wrote last. He has met his fate thanks to us. Now is our chance to deluge him with questions, for this sounds like romance. His neice's birthday comes Aug. 22 and he would like to surprise her with a card and letter shower. Her address is, Miss Gertie Zimmerman, Box 114, Lewisburg, W. Va. Come on, he says to the dear cousins.

Valera Sheperd of Sevierville, Tenn., R. 10, speaks for herself and says she is to be 15 August 24, and Oh, how she hopes to find some cards and letters in her box that day.

Mr. J. D. Smith must have known we were going to plan exchanging recipes this week, for along comes a letter from him asking how to make green tomato catsup, tomatoes being cut very fine with sugar and spices added. Also how to make Rheubarb Marmalade with lemons. Girls, why not tease him by saying you know how but that you cannot make up your mind to give your best recipes to a bachelor? Wouldn't it be funny if he were not a bachelor—Aunt Martha just jumped at the conclusion, so maybe after all you had better send it if you have it and would like to be generous.

Does anyone know anything about where Richard M. Johnson's family lived, he was Vice President of the U. S., when Van Buren was President. Mrs. Sarah Nicholson of Winteset, Iowa, is trying to find out so that she can join the D. A. R. She asks about his grandparents on the Johnson side, where they came from, where married and where buried.

About the year 1868 or 1869 there appeared a picture of a train of cars in the Blade, writes Mr. Wesley Stites of Randall, Ill. The only thing he remembers distinctly was the engine which was composed of oxen drawing this train, light was shining out of their eyes and steam issuing from their nostrils, and he wonders if any of the readers can remember this far back and if so if they can tell him what was the occasion—he is under the impression that it was a new railroad.

WOMAN AVOIDS AN OPERATION

Hope Nearly Gone, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her

Star, N. C.—"My monthly spells gave me so much trouble, sometimes they would last two weeks. I was treated by two doctors without relief and they both said I would have to have an operation. I had my trouble four years and was unfit to do anything and had given up all hope of ever getting any better, I read about your medicine in the 'Primitive Baptist' paper and decided to try it. I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills for about seven months and now I am able to do my work. I shall never forget your medicine and you may publish this if you want to as it is true."—Mrs. J. F. HURSEY, Star, N.C.

Here is another woman who adds her testimony to the many whose letters we have already published, proving that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound often restores health to suffering women even after they have gone so far that an operation is deemed advisable. Therefore it will surely pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to try it.

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

A HOG PICNIC— The Duroc-Jersey Breed

Rural welfare editor was asked to act as chairman of a program at a Duroc-Jersey swine breeders' association. Twenty counties took part in the picnic and program which were held on a county fair ground.

Nearly one thousand folks attended. County fair officers, county agents, and farm bureau directors were present in flocks. A big bunch of editors of farm and country papers were on hand to get a free feed and a good story.

When we get an invitation like this, we know it is an invitation to dig in, work like the dickens and have something to say about the thing which the meeting is to make a fuss over. Out on the farm in the old log cabin we used to have hard time trying to dodge sow-belly side meat, which was as fat as lard. Now we call it bacon, cut it thin and pay a big price for side meat.

The hog is a friend of farm and farmer. The Duroc-Jersey is a big leader in the hog industry. The claim is made that the Duroc is father and mother of half the pork of the U. S. A. today. Nobody has ever accused the Duroc of race suicide. Big families are to his credit.

Quality and quantity are two high spots that make this breed quite popular. As a breeder or a porker the Duroc will score higher than any other breed if we believe the tales of his owner.

The pure bred Duroc or any other hog is a long distance from the wild boars of long ago or the elm-peeler or razor back hog that we may yet find in the country. Sixty years ago, at county fairs hogs were just hogs and exhibited in rail pens and were classed as black or white.

Today the hog has many names and uses. Spare-ribs, back-bone sausage, bacon, pigs-feet, yard of pork, Virginia ham, pork chops, ham sandwich, bacon, hog-hide, bristles, pork-barrel for politics, etc.

Pigs-in-clover is a game at which many youngsters play at. The swine plague, cholera, is the ghost of the corn belt and hog country. Many a well dressed dude is fond of pork in its various forms but he could not be coaxed to go to the barn yard before breakfast and slop the pigs and coax them to make hogs of themselves.

Well do we remember the old time "butcher day." We had to stay out of school and get up before daylight and do a lot of chores like build the fire, fill the kettles with water and all the other parts of the butchering game. We also used to pull the trigger on the old family rifle on butcher day.

The hog is a mortgage lifter. Banks could hardly do without him. He pays for schools, roads, music, pictures, taxes, debts and autos. The hog turns grain and grass into pork and lard and hide and many by-products. He gives his owner two hog harvests a year. He is a quick turnover in business. From birth to death of a pork hog is a few months at most. Feed the hog and the farm is fed. He will pay the biggest price for corn.

Feed a hog three pounds of feed and he will add one pound to his weight. Feed sheep or steer seven pound of feed and they only add one pound to their weight. The hog will not consume as much rough crop as sheep and steer.

On the meat block pork in its various styles often sells for a higher price than other meats. More folks eat pork than they do of any other meat. The hog is found in many parts of the world. Today he is fifty one per cent of the world trade in meat products. He has won a front seat on the markets of the world.

If all the hogs owned by Uncle Sam were made into one great big hog, he would be a whale and whopper. Who can guess what size and weight he would be? If all our hogs could march in single file, Indian fashion, how long would the procession be? How many times around the world would the hog stretch into? In a future article we will speak of the history of the Duroc-Jersey breed. It is interesting.

HIGH FREIGHT RATES— Hit at Everybody

Rural Welfare put in several days at hearing on freight rates before the state public utilities commission of Ohio. The hearing was on the rates on road building materials, crushed stone, sand, gravel, brick and cement.

Rate traffic experts testified and gave evidence which indicated that freight rates in Ohio were higher than in many other states. For instance, on Wabash railroad from Toledo to Defiance the distance is 51 miles. The freight rate on stone is $1.26 from Toledo to Defiance. On the same railroad, between two stations in the state of Indiana, 51 miles, the rate on crushed stone is 84 cents.

The question was asked why the rate on the same road, for the same distance, on the same material, should be 84 cents in Indiana and $1.26 in the state of Ohio.

Many similar ridiculous differences were shown up as existing between stations in Ohio. The freight rate system is a crazy quilt patch work at most and can hardly be defended by railway men themselves.

The cost per mile, per ton, was shown to be more to haul 50 tons of stone or gravel 50 miles than it was to haul 50 persons 50 miles. In most cases the freight charges were greater than the price of the stone, sand or gravel.

At this hearing the state highway department gave figures to show that the freight rate charges on road material ranged from $4,000 to $11,000 per mile, which amounts are more than the cost of good roads used to be, before the road hogs got into clover. Smash freight rates. Do it now. High rates choke business and halt production. President Harding says rates are too high and must come down.

REDUCE ROAD COSTS— Is Demand Everywhere

In one week's time Rural Welfare found seven big newspapers demanding that road costs be reduced. This is the right thing to do, but why did these newspapers wait until the horse was stolen before they asked that the barn door be locked?

Rural Welfare started this demand three years ago. He took the side of the taxpayer against the road hogs 40 months ago. We have been pounding away at the road hog robbery ever since. Now a lot of cold-feet fellows want to ride on the bandwagon. Let 'em ride. There's room for everybody who wants a square deal and the road dollar on the road.

Ohio has the road hog disease worse than any other state. It has provided millions of money for road improvement. The politicians and political bosses have waxed fat, knee-deep and neck-deep in Ohio road dollars, while the taxpayer and farmer has been sweating and digging up tax dollars. The taxpayer ought to be soaked. He does not seem to have sense enough to talk loud or to be on his own side. The road hog is smart. The farmer and town and city home owner may be smart, but they have a poor way of showing it when it comes to being on their own side and getting a square deal for themselves.

If price of roads had come down like corn, milk and meat on the farm we would be getting good roads at seven to eleven thousand dollars a mile. If we could get roads at the reduced price at which the farmer is selling wool, every farm could have a good road to market.

Our farm bureaus and our grange leaders have either been afraid to be on the taxpayers' side or the road hogs have said something in their ear that has made them blind and deaf.

The road barons have had a great day in clover while the farmer has had to dig up the money saved by the children in baby and kiddie banks. In Indiana and Illinois the governors came out in the open for the people. In Ohio the people had to come out for themselves and fight their own fight against the road hog robbers.

The day of the thirty and forty thousand dollar mile road is nearly over. It will be over if taxpayers have any red blood left in their veins. It will be over if the farmer is smart enough to be on his own side on election day when the fat road hogs try to elect their friends who have secretly promised to play the high cost game.

It is a far fetched cry to tell the public we must have hard surfaced roads made of high cost material. We have seen these roads wear out in a year. The road the public needs is a common sense road, built of gravel or stone near at hand, good drainage, with depth enough to carry a common sense load, and then take care of that road as any road ought to be taken care of.

Patrol and maintenance are two things the road hogs fight. There is no profit in this for them. They do not want the people to get three miles of road for the same price they now have to pay for one mile. It ought to be the sledgehammer slogan everywhere to "Reduce cost of road building." Rural Welfare readers should hit the road hog now, while everybody is hitting. Do it now.

OHIO FARM BUREAU— Hits the Road Hog

The road hog raid in Ohio became so bold that the State Farm Bureau Federation finally became active and began raining sledge hammer blows on the road hog game.

Rural Welfare editor received a letter from the state farm bureau secretary asking for information about the cost of roads. We were glad to give him information. We asked him to get exact figures on cost and methods from those persons who had built good roads at a cost of less than $12,000 per mile.

The secretary has done this and taken his facts to the governor of the state. The taxpayers of Ohio have reached a point where they do not intend to stand for the road hog grab and graft any longer. The farm bureau can put the road hog out of business.

THE COUNTY FAIR— Season Is at Hand

Rural Welfare editor is secretary of a county fair. For many years we have been on this job. It is amusing to read the letters and printed stuff that comes to every secretary of a state or county fair. We have had the experience of both.

This year there are more applications for space to run some sort of a game where the fair fakir can get easy money than ever before. We get more offers to furnish some sort of free amusement in front of the grand stand at half the price these same entertainers demanded last year.

There are thousands of folks in the game of so-called entertaining the dear people. Some of these stunts are daredevil to the very limit of human risk. The public seems to have a queer hankering after things that involve the life of their fellow folks.

We have received a hundred premium lists of as many fairs. In most of these we find more prizes offered for boys and girls than were ever dreamed of five years ago. This is a good sign. We also find signs in many of them that better livestock gets as much encouragement as horse racing gets.

The county fair is the farmers' reunion and farmers ought to go if the fair is conducted along decent lines. It is vacation week and your neighbors expect to see you there. At every fair the man and woman with eyes and ears can see, hear and learn things that will make the day or week well worth the cost of seeing the fair.

Go to the fair with a smile. Wear it while you are there and on the way coming and going. Boost everybody and everything while at the fair. Don't growl about the weather, poor crops, low prices, bad politics or mud roads. Be a good scout and try to make the world smile with you. Do it now. Do it twice the week of your county fair.

A WOMAN'S STORY— Why Farm Was Sold

Rural Welfare has received a letter from Mrs. E. M. S. In this letter this lady tells the story of "Why my neighbor sold his farm."

This story is worth reading. No doubt it is the story of many other neighbors and the "why" the farm was sold. While reading this story it is well to ask yourself whether men give as much close attention to conditions as this lady has given.

Here is the story:

Editor Rural Welfare:

The farm had been mortgaged for 10 years. It was sold for a fair profit above what it had cost my neighbor for improvements on the place during that time. From year to year both my neighbor and his wife worked hard, producing under conditions which no man and his wife could endure tany longer. Dispiritedly, the farm spirit broken, the move from farm to a home of their own in the city freed of debt was made.

My neighbor went to work plumbing, his old trade. And now, for the first time in 10 years the wife has managed to save some money she can call her own and she is happy. Back among her old friends, she looks back upon the past as if it were a dream, too dreadful to think about. But the years of slavish work were telling on her. Her brown hair is graying.

When a farm business no longer pays incidental expenses, it is not good policy to borrow money on a chattel to pay for labor, tax and insurances—double interest. High interest rate, however, has been one of the most deplorable obstacles which must be overcome first of all. First year crops failed and it was necessary to borrow money to carry on the second year. Meanwhile containers, tools, everything manufactured had advanced in price, but the farm produce sold far below the cost of production. There was no income, hardly, except from the sale of butter and eggs.

Cold facts these—the number of mortgaged farms and tenant farming, tenants and farmers at the breaking point. And when it happens that the farm owners give up their tools to tenants, how much can one tenant alone produce? One farmer efficiency portends the end of prosperity.

Even the tenant cannot afford to hire high priced helping hands, in fact no hands are available. A tenant could keep his own family supplied—that is all.

As I see it, the city factories will have to rent farms and set the laborers to work at wages that will satisfy them! There isn't any farmer living who can pay the high wages demanded of them by the few who have the nerve to apply at the farm door for work, board free and lodging and washing for $100 per month. To finance the farm business on that scale, money will have to be appropriated by the United States government for that purpose.

And the cost of transportation has advanced, discouraging the producers. Owing to the dearth of farm help, however, much less will be produced the ensuing season, and consequently higher retail prices will follow.

How much longer can the city stand the drainage?

But that could be helped. The city consumer could if he would, be his own buyer. Hundreds pass and repass the farm gate joy riding, while on either hand in the fields the fruit is ripened and will go to waste because it does not pay the farmer to buy containers and ship it to the city. You who live in the city should take note this Summer. The farm country—the heart of the farm country is so big, and the habit of buying at the farm door should not be scorned. The automobile should prove a blessing. It should pay for itself in a short time. It should be the means of pulling down the high retail prices, because produce can be bought so cheap first hand and could be quickly transported to the city home while it is fresh, enough to supply the family for a week, thus saving the cost of transportation which the consumer has to pay after all.

Much fruit has to go to waste after a rainy spell because it will be too moist and ripe for shipping. All this fruit could be gathered up by the city man and his neighbor. Pick up and fill the baskets. The farmer would be too busy, working as he does without help. So go after it if you would save the dollars. And save the fruit. Yes!

Many gallons of gasoline would be profitably consumed if buying first hand of the farmer were the order of distribution today.

THE RIGHT NAME— Who Is at Fault?

We met a farmer. He said, "Hen Jones agreed to help make my 10 acres of hay and didn't do it, so I came to town to get help." We have a letter before us written by a prosperous farmer and a breeder of pure bred hogs. He sent to us a list of names of other breeders. In this list he gave us the name "Pete Barnes."

Farmers are careless in using and giving the right name of their farmer friends. If a farmer meets a lawyer or merchant on the street he is glad to say, "Mr. Henry Jones, how are you?" or "Mr. Peter Barnes, I am glad to see you."

A farmer will have more respect for folks in other lines of business than he will for himself or other farmers. Too often the ladies, especially girls in town, will use nicknames for those with whom they associate. It is a sign of more or less rudeness, coarseness and lack of good breeding.

We wonder why folks do not use right names of their friends. It would seem that any person would rather be addressed by the name their father and mother gave them than by some left-hand, ragtime name that somebody else gave them. We refer especially to the use of "Hen" when the name "Henry" ought to be used.

Mothers will come nearer using the right name of their child than anybody else. Some parents avoid names that can be twisted and mussed up.

NAME AND ADDRESS— Ought to Be Printed

This is just a short story about a little thing. It will be of some interest to some of our readers.

We have a number of letters from county agents and county fair secretaries. These letters are written on letterheads on which the names of officers are either lacking or the names are printed but the address is lacking.

This indicates a degree of neglect. We have a county fair premium list before us. In it are the names of the fair directors and the fair officials, but their addresses are omitted. This should not be the case.

We often see cases of printing, where from pure oversight some little detail is left out and makes the whole thing look awkward after it is discovered and the job is done. This shows that many farmers are not on as good terms as they ought to be with printed letterheads and other printing.

GOING THROUGH SWEAT— Senators Get Third Degree

It is almost amusing to the farm organizations putting United States senators through the sweating process. They are getting this sweat just the same as a stack of wheat "Goes through the sweat."

Washington is hot. Senators are tired. They want to go home and rest, saw wood, make hay and build fences all for themselves. They would like to make a few speeches and shake hands with folks who vote.

A flood of letters and telegrams have come to all of them asking them to stay on the job until some relief legislation is enacted for the farmer. Yes, it is hot in Washington. These senators have concluded that it would be hotter back home if they quit before their work is done. Queer, isn't it, how a politician can see a crowd and hear what the crowd says. Mr. Farmer, stick together and make wages.

THE LATEST MARKETS

Mid-summer quiet and entire neglect of on the part of all save the professional traders featured business in the securities markets last week. The usual happened when such a state of affairs obtains; that is to say, the bears took the selling side without anyone to gainsay them. Values, except in a few instances, did not break; they melted and rather steadily. On Monday and Tuesday the market merely marked time in negligible trading volume. Wednesday the bears took the initiative and succeeded in working prices down materially. The same thing happened on Thursday and Friday to the disgust of those observers who still retained some faint interest in what was taking place and who, it may be presumed, were nursing accounts which had withstood the alternate intervals of reaction and inaction in recent weeks.

In the grain market wheat was higher than last week's prices, the firmness resulting in some degree to a current estimate that the United States exportable surplus would not exceed 175 million bushels. India's crop is also reported to be short. In the produce market butter fell off a cent while eggs advanced two cents.

Grain

Wheat, cash, $1.29½; Sept., $1.29½; Dec., $1.30½. Corn, cash, 63½c. Oats, cash, 40c. Barley, cash, 66c. Rye, No. 2, cash, $1.09. Clover-seed, cash, $13.10; Oct., $13.10; Dec., $12.95; Feb., $13.00; March, $12.95. Alsike, August, $10.80; Oct., $10.80; Dec., $11.00; March, $11.00. Timothy, cash, $2.60; Sept., $2.90; Oct., $2.70; Dec., $2.80 March, $2.90.

Chicago—Wheat, Sept., $1.24¼; Dec., $1.26. Corn, Sept., 56⅝c; Dec., 55¼c. Oats, Sept., 35½c; Dec., 38¾c. Barley, Sept., 64½c; Dec., 65c. Rye, Sept., $1.11½; Dec., $1.11½.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 46c; solid pack, 45c; nut margarine, 21@25c.

Cheese — Fancy brick, 24@25c; New York limburger, 30c; Wisconsin, 1-lb., 26c; domestic Swiss, 32c; new Michigan, 25@26c; longhorn, 29@30c.

Eggs—Candled, 37c; selects, 42c.

Bacon—Fat, 18½c; lean, 28c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 25c; 9 to 10 lbs., 21c; 11 to 12 lbs., 21c 13 to 15 lbs., 18c. Lard — 15c. Hams — 31c. Sausage—Fresh pork, 14c; luncheon 17c; bologna, 15c; frankfurters, 18c.

Live Poultry—Ducks, 20@23c; geese, 18@20c; turkeys, 38@40c; chickens, 25@26c; old roosters, 15@17c; broilers, 20@28c.

Hides—No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 3c; bull, 2c; green calf, No. 1, 13c; No. 2, 11½c; kip, 7c; No. 2 kip, 5½c; cured hides, No. 1, 5c; No. 2, 4c; horse hides, $1.50; sheep pelts, 30c.

Cleveland—Butter—Extra, in tubs, 47@47½c; prints, 48@48½c; extra firsts, 46@46½c; firsts, 45@45½c; seconds, 35@37c; packing stock, 16@18c. Eggs—Northern extras, 39c; extra firsts, 38c; Ohio firsts, new cases, 34c; old cases, 33c; western firsts, new cases, 32c. Oleomargarine, lb. prints, nut oleo, 22@23c; high grade, made of animal oils, 25@25½c; lower grades, 20@21c. Cheese—York state, 24@26c; brick, 25@28c; fancy Swiss, 55@60c select Swiss, 45@50c; Longhorn, (Wisconsin), 25@27c; Roquefort, 21@25c; limburger, 28@30c. Poultry, live, heavy fowls, 26@27c; light, 23@25c; roosters, 15@16c; broilers, 25@30c; choice, 30@33c; live, spring ducks, 24@25c; geese, 23@25c. Potatoes—Jersey, $5.50@5.75 per 150-lb. sacks; $6.25 per bbl. of 170 lbs. Sweet potatoes, $1.50@1.75 a hamper.

Chicago—Butter unsettled; creamery, extras, 41c; standards, 38½c. Eggs steady; receipts, 9,992 cases; firsts, 30@31c; ordinary firsts, 24@27c; miscellaneous, 28@29c. Poultry, alive, springs, 27c. Potatoes firm; receipts, 54 cars; western white, sacked, $3.75@3.85 cwt.; Nebraska early Ohios, $3.75 cwt.; Kansas, $3.25 cwt.; Virginia, $6.75 barrel.

New York—Butter steady; receipts, 9,532. Creamery higher than extras, 44½@45c; creamery, extras (92 score), 43½@44c; firsts, (88 to 91 score), 38½@43c; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 29c. Eggs irregular; receipts, 20,264; fresh gathered extra firsts, 38@41c; firsts, 34@37c; state, Penna. and nearby western hennery whites, first to extras, 47@50c; state, Penn. and nearby western hennery browns, extras, 46@48c; state, Penna. and nearby western hennery browns, gathered browns and mixed colors, firsts to extras, 35@45c; refrigerator firsts, 35@36½c. Cheese steady; receipts, 1,314. State, whole milk, flats, fresh, specials, 21@21½c; state, whole milk, flats, fresh, specials, average run, 20@20½c; state, whole milk, twins, specials, 21@22½c; state, whole milk, twins, specials, average run, 20@20½c. Live and dressed poultry quiet; prices unchanged.

Live Stock

Cleveland — Hogs — Receipts, 3,000; heavies, $10,00; yorkers, $11.25; pigs, $11.00. Cattle, $9.00. Lambs, $9.50@10.00. Calves, $9.50@10.50.

Pittsburgh—Cattle—Receipts, 2,500; lower; steers, $8.50@9.25; heifers, $6.50@7.50; cows, $4.75@6.00. Hogs—Receipts, 7,000; lower; heavies, $10.75@10.85; heavy yorkers and light yorkers, $11.75@11.85; pigs, $11.00@11.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 5,800; steady; top sheep, $5.25; top lambs, $11.00. Calves—Receipts, 1,700; top, $10.00.

East Buffalo — Cattle — Receipts, 3,250; good dry fed, 25@50c higher; common slow, lower; shipping steers, $9.00@10.75; butchers, $8.00@9.50; yearlings, $9.00@10.50; heifers, $5.50@8.00; cows, $2.00@6.00; bulls, $3.50@6.00; stockers and feeders, $5.00@6.00; fresh cows and springers, $40@130. Calves—Receipts, 2,500; 50c higher; $5.00@11.50. Hogs — Receipts, 11,500; strong to 25c higher; heavy, $11.00@11.25; mixed, $11.25@11.50; yorkers, $11.75; light yorkers and pigs, $11.50@11.75; roughs, $7.50@8.00; stags, $4.50@6.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 7,000; lambs active, 25c higher; sheep, 25c lower; lambs, $5.00@11.25; yearlings, $3.50@8.00; wethers, $5.50@6.00; ewes, $1.00@4.50; mixed sheep, $5.00@5.25.

East St. Louis, Ill.—(U. S. Bureau of Markets)—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000; steers, slow and steady; few natives and no good grades here. Southwestern liberal; she-stuff and bulls about steady; practically too good light yearlings and heifers represented; stockers about steady; veal calves slow, $8.75@9.00. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; slow, 50c to 75c lower; top, $11.00 paid for choice lights; bulk lights and lightweights, $10.65@10.85; no mediums or heavies sold. Bidding $10.25 for 250-lb. average; packer sows, 50c to 75c lower; pigs, 50c lower; quality good. Sheep—Receipts, 2,000; fairly active. Best lambs steady to strong; sheep and other grades steady; top lambs, $8.85 to shippers, $8.75 to packers; bulk, $8.00@8.75; ewes, top, $4.00; bulk, $3.00@3.75; cull lambs, $4.00@4.50; quality fair to good.

Chicago—(U. S. Bureau of Markets) — Cattle — Receipts, 15,000; corn fed steers strong to 10c higher, others dull; she-stock slow; bulls and calves strong; top yearlings, $10.85; bull beef steers, $7.00@10.00; bulk fat she-stock, $4.00@6.00; canners and cutters, mostly $2.50@3.50; bulk bulls, $4.50@6.00; light veal calves, $8.00@8.50; stockers and feeders, 15 to 25c higher. Hogs — Receipts, 37,000; active, strong to 10c higher; top, $11.00; bulk light and light butchers, $10.60@11.00; bulk packing sows, $8.60@8.90; pigs, 10 to 25c higher; bulk desirable pigs, $9.75@10.15. Sheep—Receipts, 19,000; native lambs steady to 25c lower; top to city butchers, $10.25; packers top early, $10.00; no western lambs sold early; sheep steady; good 115-lb. Montana wethers, $6.00; good light native yearlings, $8.00; Montanas, $7.00@7.75; bulk fat native ewes early $3.25@4.50.

NEWS FOR VETERANS

Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly, commander of "Relly's Bucks," the 149th United States field artillery, in the Rainbow division during the World war, has bought and will edit the Army and Navy Journal, which is published at Washington. The publication was founded in 1863 by Colonel W. C. Church, an officer on the staff of General Philip Sheridan. Since the death of Colonel Church the paper was owned by his son, Willard Church.

It has been the leading publication among officers of the army and navy practically since its founding. It has been devoted to news of the American forces, wherever stationed, and has been active in promoting morale and creating interest in problems of national defense.

Brigadier General Reilly is a graduate of West Point. He served 10 years as an officer of cavalry, resigning to become correspondent and military expert for the Chicago Tribune. He commanded the 1st Illinois artillery at San Antonio during the national guard mobilization in 1916. His organization was taken, at the American entry into the World war, as one of the best prepared in the country and put into the famous 42d (Rainbow) division as the 149th United States field artillery. After that division's advance to Sedan in the Meuse-Argonne offensive the 149th was with the American 3d army, the army of occupation in Germany.

With the recent reorganization of the national guard in Illinois Colonel Reilly received the rank of brigadier general and commands the artillery of the Illinois national guard division. His father, after whom he was named, was a captain in the regular army and was killed in China during the Boxer rebellion. His mother was a daughter of Captain James E. Kimball, an officer who served with Farragut.

Richard V. Derrim post of Norwood, Col., has 15 members, is 16 miles from a railroad and was founded last January, but it has not permitted size, inaccessibility or youth to stand in the way of progress. Because it cost the post $30 each time it hired a local hall for a dance the post bought the hall for $3,000, paying for it at the rate of $50 a month, plus interest. Two dances a month are being held, three or four smokers already have been given, an auxiliary formed and frequent social meetings take place. And the post has never had more than $100 in its treasury at one time. The post's motto is: "Keep going, talk the American legion and believe in it."

American Legion posts in Minnesota are having a lively controversy as to which one has the oldest Legionnaire on its rolls. Redwood Falls presented Dr. Gibson, 72 years old, who served with the medical corps at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, and held the record until Kimball post introduced Adam Brower, 76 years old, and Joe Mason, who admits 86 years and a highly prized membership in the Legion.

A beneficiary under an uncovered war risk insurance policy, in the event of the death of the insured, is entitled to insurance installments only during his lifetime and all payments due thereafter must go to the regular legal heirs of the insured soldier, sailor or marine. Such uncompleted payments cannot be willed by a beneficiary nor are they a part of his estate.

This has always been the contention of the general counsel of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, but it has often been disputed. Recently a test case was threshed out in court, resulting in confirmation of the bureau's ruling.

Lawrence Siegle, carrying $10,000 in term insurance in favor of his stepbrother, Patrick Gillette, died in the service October 29, 1918. Gillette in turn died after having received only a small portion of the insurance installments, but left a will naming Savino Cassarello as executor of his estate empowered to collect the remaining installments and transmit them to his wife and daughter. The bureau of war risk insurance decided that all insurance installments due after Gillette's death should go to the heirs of the deceased soldier, Siegle. Cassarello as executor of the beneficiary's estate brought action against the United States in the District court in Scranton, Pa. The decision of Federal Judge Whitmer in the case upholds in all particulars the bureau's stand.

Easy Now to Rid Your Farm of Rats

Wonderful Discovery by Noted Scientist Kills Every Rat Within a Week's Time—Not a Poison.

Rats cost farmers over two hundred millions of dollars a year through the destruction of crops, poultry and buildings. Farmers no longer suffer this loss because they can now kill off all the rats on their farm in less than a week's time. This is possible through the remarkable discovery of E. R. Alexander, Kansas City chemist, who has perfected a virus which kills rats, mice and gophers as though by magic. This product is not a poison, is safe to be eaten by human beings or any animal on the farm as safe as any regular food, but means quick and sure death to rats.

This wonderful rat virus, which is known as Alexander Rat-Killer is merely mixed with bread or meat scraps and placed where rats, mice or gophers can get to it. Within a few hours after a rat has eaten Alexander Rat-Killer he gets a high fever and suffers a terrible thirst. He leaves the barns and nesting holes and goes to the open fields in search of pure air and running water. Rats and mice affected always die away from the barns and houses, so there is no odor.

It is a scientific fact that one rat affects others and soon the whole colony leaves the buildings and dies. And though this virus is absolutely deadly to rats—chickens, hogs, cats or any farm animals can eat it and not be affected at all.

So confident is Mr. Alexander that Alexander Rat-Kill will kill every rat on your farm in less than a week's time that he offers to send us an introductory offer at a regular $2.00 tube for only $1.00. Give it according to directions, and if at the end of a week's time you are able to discover any rats, mice or gophers on your farm, your money will be refunded. A big Kansas City bank guarantees that Mr. Alexander is reliable and will do as he says.

Send NO MONEY. Just write to R. Alexander, Alexander Laboratories, 188 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., and the tube will be mailed at once. When it arrives, pay the postman only one dollar and forty cents on the guarantee that if not absolutely satisfactory your money will be returned without question. Write today—a postcard will do—and stop your rat losses now.

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The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. N-162 Chicago

Questions and Answers

Rule 1—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. This department will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm or tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine or Biblican interpretations; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions.

U. S. Presidents

I would like to have you tell me something about the birthplaces and deaths of the different presidents of this country.—W. E. M., Quincy, Ill.

1—George Washington, (1789-1797). Federalist. Born in Westmoreland county, Va., 1732. Died from a cold which brought on laryngitis at Mt. Vernon, 1799. Buried on his estate at Mt. Vernon, Va.

2—John Quincy Adams, (1797-1801). Federalist. Born at Quincy, Mass., 1735. Died from senile debility at Quincy, Mass., 1826. Buried at Quincy, Mass.

3—Thomas Jefferson, (1801-1809). Republican. Born at Shadwell, Va., 1743. Died from chronic diarrhoea at Monticello, Va., 1826. Buried on his estate at Monticello, Va.

4—James Madison, (1809-1817). Republican. Born at Port Conway, Va., 1751. Died of old age at Montpelier, Va., 1836. Buried on his estate at Montpelier.

5—James Monroe, (1817-1825). Republican. Born in Westmoreland county, Va., 1758. Died of general debility at New York City in 1831. Buried in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va.

6—John Quincy Adams, (1825-1829). Republican. Born at Quincy, Mass., 1767. Died of paralysis, the fatal attack overtaking him in the house of representatives, 1848. Buried at Quincy, Mass.

7—Andrew Jackson, (1829-1837). Democrat. Born in Union county, N. C., 1767. Died of consumption and dropsy on his estate, the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn., 1845. Buried on his estate.

8—Martin Van Buren, (1837-1841). Democrat. Born at Kinderhook, N. Y., 1782. Died of catarrh of the throat and lungs at Kinderhook, N. Y., 1862. Buried at Kinderhook, N. Y.

9—William Henry Harrison, (March 4-April 4, 1841). Whig. Born at Berkeley, Va., 1773. Died of pleurisy induced by a cold taken on the day of his inauguration at Washington, 1841. Buried near North Bend, Ohio.

10—John Tyler, (April 4, 1841-1845). Democrat. Born at Greenway, Va., 1790. Died from a mysterious disorder like a bilious attack, at Richmond, Va., 1862. Buried at Richmond, Va.

11—James K. Polk, (1845-1849). Democrat. Born in Mecklenburg county, N. C., 1795. Died from weakness caused by cholera, in Nashville, Tenn., 1849. Buried on his estate in Nashville, Tenn.

12—Zachary Taylor, (March 4, 1849-July 9, 1850). Whig. Born in Orange county, Va., 1784. Died from cholera morbus, induced by improper diet, at Washington, D. C., 1850. Buried on his estate near Louisville, Ky.

13—Millard Fillmore, (July 10, 1850-1853). Whig. Born at Summerville, N. Y., 1800. Died from paralysis at Buffalo, N. Y., 1874. Buried at Forest Hill cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.

14—Franklin Pierce, (1853-1857). Democrat. Born at Hillsborough, N. H., 1804. Died from inflammation of the stomach at Concord, N. H., 1869. Buried at Concord, N. H.

15—James Buchanan, (1857-1861). Democrat. Born near Mercersberg, Pa., 1791. Died of rheumatism and gout near Lancaster, Pa., 1868. Buried near Lancaster, Pa.

16—Abraham Lincoln, (1861-April 15, 1865). Republican. Born in Larue (then called Hardin) county, Ky., 1809. Assassinated by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's theater, Washington, D. C., 1865. Buried in Springfield, Ill.

17—Andrew Johnson, (April 15, 1865-1869). Republican. Born at Raleigh, N. C., 1808. Died from paralysis at Carter's Station, Tenn., 1875. Buried at Greenville, Tenn.

18—Ulysses S. Grant, (1869-1877). Republican. Born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, 1822. Died from cancer of the throat at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., 1885. Buried at Riverside park, New York City.

19—Rutherford B. Hayes, (1877-1881). Republican. Born at Delaware, Ohio, 1822. Died from paralysis of the heart at Fremont, Ohio, 1893. Buried at Fremont, Ohio.

20—James A. Garfield, (March 4-Sept. 8, 1881). Republican. Born in Cuyahoga county, Ohio, 1831. Assassinated by Charles J. Guiteau. Died at Elberton, N. J., 1881. Buried at Cleveland, Ohio.

21—Chester A. Arthur, (Sept. 13, 1881-1885). Republican. Born in Fairfield, Vt., 1830. Died from Bright's disease at New York, 1886. Buried in Rural cemetery, Albany, N. Y.

22-24—Grover Cleveland, (first term, 1885-1889; second term, 1893-1897). Democrat. Born at Caldwell, N. J., 1837. Died of general debility at Princeton, N. J., June 24, 1908. Buried at the same place.

23—Benjamin Harrison, (1889-1893). Republican. Born at North Bend, Ohio, 1833. Died of pneumonia at Indianapolis, Ind., 1901. Buried at Indianapolis, Ind.

25—William McKinley, (1897-1901). Republican. Born at Niles Ohio, 1843. He was assassinated at Buffalo, N. Y., 1901. He was buried at Canton, Ohio.

26—Theodore Roosevelt, (1901-1909). Republican. Born in New York City, 1858. Died at Oyster Bay, Long Island, Jan. 6, 1919.

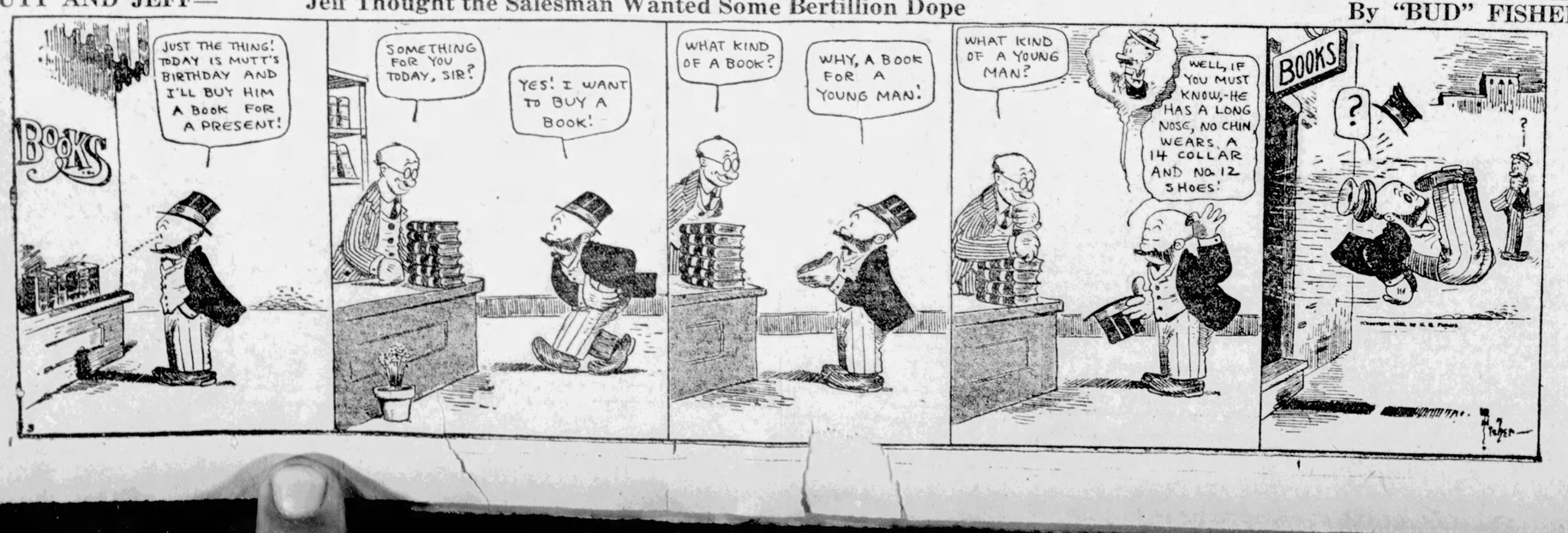
27—William H. Taft, (1909-1913). Republican. Born at Cincinnati, Ohio, 1857.

28—Woodrow Wilson, (1913-1921). Democrat. Born in Staunton, Va., 1856.

29—Warren G. Harding, (1921-). Republican. Born in Corsica, Ohio. 1865.

MUTT AND JEFF— Jeff Thought the Salesman Wanted Some Bertillion Dope

By "BUD" FISHER


BOOKS
JUST THE THING! TODAY IS MUTT'S BIRTHDAY AND I'LL BUY HIM A BOOK FOR A PRESENT!
SOMETHING FOR YOU TODAY, SIR?
YES! I WANT TO BUY A BOOK!
WHAT KIND OF A BOOK?
WHY, A BOOK FOR A YOUNG MAN!
WHAT KIND OF A YOUNG MAN?
WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW,-HE HAS A LONG NOSE, NO CHIN WEARS A 14 COLLAR AND NO. 12 SHOES!
BOOKS
?

GERMANS SEEK TRADE PACT

Teutons Would Act as European Agents for American Manufacturers.

German export manufacturers are laying plans to win control of [illegible] per cent of the world's commerce by the time the war indemnity is liquidated.

To do this, which they consider essential if Germany is to meet promptly her obligations to former enemy countries and remain economically sound, "feelers" have been put out for negotiations for extensive credits, loans in virtually every country once interested or now attracted by German trade possibilities.

The German manufacturers, who are supposed to be closely co-operating in plans to launch the campaign for world commerce, are hoping for special agreements with American manufacturers which would not take into consideration in an unfavorable manner the purpose of the American Finance Trade [illegible] to establish a $1,000,000,000 trading fund in the United States.

Already a number of tentative deals have been made between German and American firms [illegible] acquaintance and post-war values," but the fluctuations and the high cost of [illegible] have rendered any large [illegible] cash basis out of the question.

To Act as Agents.

The [illegible] in declaring the state [illegible] between the two countries [illegible] and also has embarrassed [illegible] in both countries.

"Germans are placing their [illegible] for favorable relations with American concerns in a way which they would act as agents" for the American manufacture in raw materials sent from the States and sell these [illegible] goods to the American consumers here on a percentage basis. This scheme already has been [illegible] to certain American [illegible] Concerning this [illegible] important in close touch with German industrialists said: "German factories are now working [illegible] half-time because they [illegible] to get raw materials at reasonable prices. The cost of production in Germany is so much lower than it is in America that the Germans, as well as the Germans, can operate profitably in meeting the European demand for manufactured articles. The market for such goods, for agricultural machinery, for automobiles, in fact for all sorts of machinery, will not be adequately supplied for many years.

For Cotton Goods.

"This proposal is particularly timely now, when it is estimated that the world's surplus cotton crop this year will exceed last year's by one and a half million bales. The European demand for cotton goods has been decreased by the substitutes which Germans especially have been forced to manufacture, but it will promptly revive if the goods could be placed cheaply before consumers. The high cost of labor and the high value of American money abroad makes it next to impossible for the Americans to meet this demand. The Germans feel they could do it.

"There is another point which the German industrialists are making in their argument for co-operation with American manufactures — the increasing output of the German mills is bound adversely to affect American foreign trade, for Americans cannot compete with the Germans in many lines owing to the difference in the cost of production. Co-operation would give the two countries a virtual world monopoly on a large percentage of commerce, and be profitable to both sides.

"If no working agreement can be reached in the European trade the German plans call for the sharpest competition possible. German competition already is making itself manifest in the South American trade, where the Germans are rapidly regaining their pre-war prestige. I know of one American concern which last year shipped 35,000 tons of goods to South American countries but in the next 12 months will send less than 12,000 tons. The Germans have sold the other 23,000 tons."

Some German capitalists believe it will be 10 to 15 years before Germany again can wield anything like her old-time power in world commerce but the more optimistic are figuring on a shorter period.

Candle Will Burn 5,000 All Souls' Days for Caruso

An 18-foot candle that can be burned on every All Souls' Day for 5,000 years, is being made in New York as a memorial to Enrico Caruso from the inmates of an orphan home to which the Metropolitan opera star contributed $10,000 a year for many years. It will be placed in the church of the Madonna of Pompeii at Naples, Italy.

Antonio Ajello, maker of the candle, has constructed a derrick in his shop by means of which the candle is dipped thrice daily into boiling tallow. It will be completed in 10 weeks, and will weigh about 1,000 pounds. Mr. Ajello has figured that the candle would burn continuously for 13 years and seven months.

ROADS REFUSE WAGE REQUEST

Eastern Rail Presidents Tell Workers Raise in Wages Is Impossible.

Wage requests presented to eastern railroads by the four railroad brotherhoods and the Switchmen's union were rejected by presidents of the lines at a conference in New York.

The men had requested a return to the wage scale effective before the 12 per cent reduction ordered by the railroad labor board on July 1, withdrawal by the companies of demands for further decrease and withdrawal of the railroads' demand for abolition for punitive overtime.

A formal statement which failed to give the road's reason for refusing the men's requests, was issued at the close of the conference. It read:

"The eastern president's conference met to discuss the report of its special committee which recently conferred with officials of the four railroad brotherhoods and the switchmen in regard to certain questions the organizations have raised.

"After giving careful consideration to the question at issue, the conference decided that the secretary should notify the brotherhoods that conditions make it impossible to grant their requests."

YANKEES LIVING IN CHINA TO DECK GRAVE OF WARD

As a part of future observances of Memorial day by Americans in China, annual pilgrimages are to be made to the grave of General Frederick Ward, the American who, while the Civil war was being fought in America, conceived and put into execution the plans which suppressed the great Taiping rebellion. The custom was instituted this year by the Shanghai branch of the American legion, the General Frederick Ward Post.

TIMOTHY'S OUT IN THE BARN HITCHING UP.

EMPLOY AIRPLANE TO SPRAY POWDER ON INFESTED TREES

Death that rushed through the air with a roaring hum has saved a six-acre grove of catalpa trees on the H. A. Carver farm at Troy, Ohio.

Converting an airplane into a killer of insects is what saved the trees.

The plane sifted arsenate of lead over the grove, doing in a few minutes what it would take many men and days of spraying to accomplish. It completely annihilated millions of insects that were busily at work trying to defoliate the trees, as they had done once before this Summer.

C. R. Neille, Cleveland, originator of the idea of eradicating destructive insects, communicated his plan to the Ohio Experiment Station at Wooster. Neille, Wooster officials, and a number of farmers witnessed the demonstration.

Early this Summer, Carver's grove of catalpa trees was defoliated by a swarm of insects which attacked the trees over night. Experts reported the trees would leaf again this Summer. That happened, but for the second time, the trees were threatened with defoliation.

Lieutenant John R. Macready flew to Troy with a makeshift hopper, similar to a flour sifter, attached to the side of his ship. He was accompanied by E. Dormoy McCook field designer. Powdered arsenate of lead was placed in the hopper, equipped with a crank, and the start was made.

Relying on the wind and currents from the propeller to carry the powder to the proper place, the ship was piloted to the leeward of the tract, and without difficulty the entire grove was saturated with the deadly powder.

Dormoy is understood to be working on a new spraying device, which will simplify the disposal of the powder from the air. McCook field officials have indicated their willingness to co-operate with farmers and the department of agriculture in combatting insects and tree infection.

HEAT CAUSES CROP SLUMP

July Weather Reduces Prospective Production by Over 250 Million Dollars.

July's constant hot weather and lack of rainfall reduced prospective production of crops more than a quarter of a billion dollars. The crop report of the department of agriculture showed forecasts reduced by millions of bushels compared with a month ago.

The reduced estimates of corn, wheat, oats and white potatoes alone aggregated 396,000,000 bushels and the prospective loss of production, calculated on August 1 farm prices, amounts to $83,500,000 for white potatoes, $64,800,000 for oats, $56,100,000 for corn and $54,400,000 for wheat.

Almost every crop was adversely affected by the almost constant high temperatures and shortage of rain. Over practically the entire west and northern central states there was little rain while in central Montana and parts of North Dakota, Illinois, Missouri and other states almost a drought prevailed. Small grains, corn and vegetables all suffered severely. The damage to white potatoes was extreme.

CHIEFS SLASH NAVY BUDGET

Closing of Three Naval Air Stations Is First Move to Cut Expense.

In an effort to meet the demands of the new budget operated by Charles G. Dawes, navy bureau chiefs are engaged in slashing expenditures and estimates.

Chiefs of bureaus are meeting daily to thresh out the problem of curtailed running expenses and to draw up estimates of their needs for presentation later, under the new budget requirements.

The results have been reflected so far in the reduction of naval air stations, three having been closed to date, with a saving of $204,000, and there is a move under way now to reduce very considerably the remaining number of stations. It is expected that the saving next year from this source will approximate $400,200.

One of the largest tasks thus far undertaken has been the co-ordination of the war and navy supply systems, as recommended in the budget report. This work is well advanced, it is stated, and an announcement of the full plan is expected shortly. Heads of both departments have been engaged for weeks in almost daily conferences over this part of the budget program, so that even though the two departments may not be merged into one, as has been suggested, one phase of its activities will have been "budgetized."

AMENDMENT EXTENDS SCOPE OF MOTOR THEFT MEASURE

An amendment to the national motor vehicle theft act which would impose a fine of $5,000 and up to five years imprisonment upon anyone who transports or receives cars over state lines with intent to defraud owners or insurance companies, was ordered favorably reported by the senate judiciary committee.

PEACE IN ASIA MINOR HOPELESS

Greeks and Turks to Continue Fighting It Out Without Allied Action.

There is no sign or peace in Asia Minor regardless of the outcome of the Greek offensive. The allies have decided to allow the Greeks and Turks to fight it out without intervention.

If the Greeks fail to rout the forces under Mustapha Kemal Pasha, they must submit to drawn-out guerilla warfare, with the Turks harrassing their long lines of communication for months to come. The Turks already have suffered a series of reverses and are giving up their capital—Angora—but the main body of the Kemalist army is still virtually intact.

Even if the Greeks decisively whip the Turkish Nationalists it is the opinion of competent military authorities that fighting will again break out later on.

The elusive Enver Pasha, young Turk leader and implacable foe of the allies, is still at large. Enver Pasha, who led the Turks into the World War on the side of Germany, was in Moscow at last reports waiting for a chance to reorganize the Asia Minor Turks with Russian Bolshevik support and make another attempt to drive the Greeks out of Asia Minor.

A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, who recently visited Moscow, lived in the same house with Enver Pasha and reports the results of several conversations with the young Turk leader. Enver, says the correspondent, is using the Bolsheviks to further his own plans. The soviet government on the other hand is using Enver as a constant threat against the Germans and allied supporters of the treaty of Sevres.

So long as Mustapha Kemal Pasha retains some power and demands that the Greeks leave Smyrna, Enver will give him his tacit support.

"But the moment Kemal agrees to anything short of the complete annulment of the Sevres treaty he is prepared to give his sword, his name and his leadership to a movement against the Kemalists," says the correspondent. "In case the allies should do what Moscow supposedly would do, that is, attempt to buy the Angora government with the object of using Turkey against Russia, the Russians, with Enver to help them would set about smashing the new Turkey as willingly as they are now helping it."

Meddlers, Mischief-Makers, Missions

The International Sunday School Lesson for August 21 Is "Paul's Second Missionary Journey; Paul Prepares for World Conquest."—Acts 15:36, 16:5.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

OUT OF the war-fog the church seems to be now emerging. Within the present year, after a period of paralysis, Christian leaders are coming into the clear sunlight of the conviction which animated the Apostle Paul—and this timely course of Sunday school lessons, studied all over Christendom, will greatly accelerate the movement. We are afresh facing the stupendous truth that, as Paul saw it, and as the disciples of Jesus today must see it, the Christian religion is designed to conquer the world.

All sorts of men are waking to this tremendous reality, that the only adequate solution for the desperate needs of humanity is the complete sway of the Gospel of Christ. That note is creeping into newspaper editorials and magazine articles; and was there even before such a vogue of religious articles in secular publications as today. Government officials are proclaiming that only the teachings and spirit of Jesus can save our times. General Jan Smuts has moved into first place of leadership in world affairs on a simple platform of applied Christianity. The famous "business doctor," Roger W. Babson, is a more powerful preacher nowadays than any professional evangelist. So clear is it that the old era of sordid, petty, personal, selfish politics is doomed that we may expect to find a new order of public men offering themselves on the simple platform of loyalty to the principles of Christ.

When Florence Elected Christ King.

Audacious Paul held this daring conception. What Egypt and Persia and Greece and Rome had failed to do, in complete world conquest, he fearlessly attempted; his only weapon a Story, his only power a Person. Definitely, deliberately, dauntlessly, this hero of the ages undertook to make Christ the acknowledged Master of all men. The growth of the kingdom has owed more to his Christian imperialism than to any other single agency.

Down through the Christian centuries until today, attempts have been made to give Jesus complete sway over organized life. Savonarola, in 1495, tried to have his beloved Florence formally vote Christ into civil sovereignty. Thirty-two years later, in 1527, the city-state of Florence, by a great majority of the ballots of the citizens, elected Jesus Christ king. On one of the great palace doors was placed a tablet inscribed:

"JESUS CHRISTUS REX FLORENTINI POPULIS P. DECRETO ELECTUS."

We shall miss the point of these International lessons unless we get fixed firmly in our minds the staggering truth that this man Paul was bent on nothing less than the enthronement of Christ over all men and over all life. It will be vain to study his routes and his cities and his companions and his methods if we do not subordinate all these details to his essential purpose, which was to give the world its true Savior and King.

In that aim was wrapped up all of social service and political reform and civic justice and human welfare that mankind has since aspired to make practicable. These avail only insofar as they yield allegiance to the law and love of Christ. Versailles and Geneva have failed to meet war ideals and post-war needs because there has been more of the cunning, selfish and sophisticated statesmen in their deliverances than the simple, sincere and straightforward spirit of Christ. God grant that the mind of the Master, which is truth and righteousness and love, may dominate the forthcoming world conference at Washington!

Meddlers and Mischief-Makers.

The heart-sick men who saw the allied war aims perverted and suffocated at Paris can understand the feelings of Paul and Barnabas, after their first mighty missionary tour through Cyprus and Asia Minor. They had labored and dared and suffered, in the glow of a great ideal and purpose, and had prevailed. After them, though, came the partisans and selfish schismatics to thwart their clear and simple mission, and to nullify the freedom of the Gospel they had preached. These bigoted Judaisers professed to speak in behalf of the church of Jerusalem, when they declared that all the Gentile converts would have to accept circumcision, and the other manifold ordinances of the Mosaic ritual.

Most veteran modern missionaries could tell tales similar to Paul's; of how proselyters are forever coming to the mission field with their peculiar doctrines, to preach to the native Christians—not to the heathen: that field is too hard for them—that unless they are baptized after a certain fashion, or by a certain kind of clergyman, or have a "second blessing," or believe in the imminent second coming of Christ, or keep Saturday as the Sabbath, or forego the use of tobacco, or this or that or the other distinctive teaching, they are not wholly saved! "Sheep-stealers" is the current missionary name for these meddlers and mischief-makers, who are in direct descent from the Judaizers who troubled Paul's flock of old. It cannot too often or too strongly be said that it is important to keep to the fore only those great central truths of the Gospel which the apostles preached. The men who are threatening to split the churches of North America on the issues of non-essential teachings need a new Council of Jerusalem to deal with them.

Between last week's lesson and the present one lies this great story of the Council of Jerusalem, whereat the issue was once and for all settled, that Christianity is not narrow-gauge, but broad-gauge; not a sect of Judaism, but a Gospel for all the world; not a thing of ritual and observance, rules and rites, but a spirit and a life and a great loyalty and obedience. When Paul set forth on his second missionary journey he carried with him as credentials a personal testimony and a Charter of Liberty from the mother church at Jerusalem. From that day to this, every partisan and zealot who would try to compress Christianity into narrow limits has had to defy Peter and James and the Apostolic Church, as well as spacious-souled Paul.

A Goodly Fellowship.

Small and insignificant in appearance Paul may have been, but there was nothing wrong with his spine. He was big in spirit and tolerant and gentle; but he had convictions that counted. So when Barnabas, with rather forgivable nepotism, wanted to take the slacker, John Mark, his kinsman, along on this second journey, Paul said: "No, no; we cannot be hampered by a quitter. He failed us before: we will not take chances with him again. We forgive him, and honor him as a brother; but he has disqualified himself for pioneer service."

This very human disagreement between the two missionaries was in no wise discreditable either to Paul or Barnabas. The latter took Mark off to their own land of Cyprus, where the family lived, and in this easier, congenial field they did good Gospel work. Paul, on the other hand, with Silas and Luke, undertook the major mission in Asia Minor, adding Timothy to their party at Lystra. What a goodly fellowship of immortals that was—Paul, Christianity's greatest exponent; Dr. Luke, its greatest historian; Timothy, its model convert and presbyter, and Silas, the hardy saint who could make a prison cell ring with his songs at midnight.

All too seldom do we reckon the value of the associations of Christian service as one of the most immediate rewards of our religion. Even in the remote regions of distant lands one finds this exemplified in the missionary fellowship. It has seemed to me that the choicest company of Americans that I have ever known in foreign lands was the circle of Presbyterian missionaries at Urumia, Persia—now, alas, a station destroyed and deserted, its Christians driven afar, into destitution and death, sheep stricken by the wolves of war.

A Mother as An Education.

Teachers and preachers do not grow rich; but they earn rewards that are not attainable on the stock exchange, for they deal in life. When Preacher Paul returned to Lystra he found that a fortune awaited him, in the person of one of his young converts, Timothy, who had grown to heights of godliness and good works. To be the spiritual father of Timothy was a greater honor than to be the builder of the beautiful Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Paul made many notable converts, but this one, whose character is mirrored in the letters which the great apostle afterward wrote him, letters which now form part of the New Testament, was his greatest reward. Pastors and parents and teachers, weighed down by a sense of the world's present needs, should be sedulous in seeking to train new Timothies for the ministry of mankind in the Gospel of Christ.

Even while we are honoring Paul for his winning of Timothy we know that back of the apostle's preaching was the home training that made the young man fit for the new responsibilities as trusted friend, confidant, messenger and representative of the great missionary. The man who bore the letters of Paul to the far-scattered churches, whose companionship the apostle craved in prison, and who himself came to martyrdom as Bishop of Ephesus, had been schooled to faithfulness in every errand and commission by his mother Eunice. This high-souled Jewess, of the sort who gloried in the revelation to Israel and who shaped her son's ideals by the Hebrew Scriptures, possessed the spiritual sensitiveness which made her quick to respond to the Christian Story.

PROHIBITION CHIEF WARNS PERIOD OF LENIENCY OVER

Prohibition Commissioner Haynes has given warning that no more violations of the law respecting liquor permits will be dealt with leniently.

The law's provisions have become well known, the commissioner said, and he proposed to enforce fully, in the future, penalties forbidding issue of permits to persons who have violated the law within a year and for the forfeiture of property. Liability of breweries, he said, will be adjusted on a much less lenient basis.

May Modify Wheat Grades

A bill by Representative Steenerson, Republican, Minnesota, to modify federal grades of spring wheat was reported favorably by the house agricultural committee. The measure provides that all foreign material in grading of wheat shall be counted as dockage and that mositure in excess of 14½ per cent shall be designated on the grade certificate and shall not affect the grade.

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Corn harvester cuts and piles on harvester or windrows. Man and horse cuts and shocks equal Corn Binder. Sold in every state. Only $28 with fodder tieing attachment. Testimonials and catalog FREE showing picture of Harvester. Process Harvester Co., Salina, Kansas.

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PRIZE PUZZLE PICTURE

WIN $500.00—TRY IT

THE FEMININE REVIEW, Room 976 CAXTON BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

Everybody wins a prize who answers this puzzle. Try your skill. There are more than twenty objects in this picture that begin with the letter C. If you can find just six of them and mark those objects with a cross (X) do so at once, cut this puzzle picture out and mail it right now.

YOU WIN A PRIZE

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Many scaly, pimply eruptions are caused by impurities in your blood. Internal medicines that will drive out the impurities will help such outbreaks, whereas external remedies, which do nothing for the blood, give you only short relief.

When you break out with pimples or rash, depend on it, your blood stream is likely to be infected with poisons that should have been cast out of your system. Such impurities cause many eruptions.

If you are afflicted this way, start right now taking S.S.S., the old Indian blood remedy compounded of herbs while they are yet fresh with the strength in them. This medicine has given splendid results to skin sufferers for more than fifty years.

Get S.S.S. from your druggist today, and after you have started taking it write a complete history of your case to Chief Medical Advisor, 834 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Georgia. We will send you individual advice free.

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UPPER SILESIAN DISPUTE TO GO BEFORE LEAGUE

Call Meeting on August 20 to Adjust Differences Between Allies on Boundary Line.

France and Great Britain have decided to refer the Upper Silesian question to the League of Nations and Viscount Ishii, Japanese ambassador to France and president of the council of the League of Nations, has called an extraordinary meeting of the league council for August 20.

This question, which involves drawing a frontier between Poland and Germany in Upper Silesia, threatened to bring about a break in the meeting of the supreme allied council. The council approved the decision.

The decision to refer the question to the league of nations was taken under the second clause of Article XI of the Versailles treaty, together with Article XII and XIII. These are parts of the covenant of the league of nations, and provide for reference to that body of "any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends."

The suggestion that the matter be referred to the league was made by Mr. Lloyd George, and M. Briand concurred immediately.

Premier Briand of France, it is understood, has agreed to waive the unanimity rule and will accept the decision of the majority in the league council.

It is felt in some quarters that the action of the premiers in turning the upper Silesian situation over to the league of nations has given fresh life to that organization.

The supreme council has lost much prestige by its failure to agree upon a solution of the Upper Silesian matter.

French Press Indignant

The French press is disappointed over the Silesian decision.

"Pertinax" political editor of the Echo de Paris, declared that the decision "had neither saved the entente nor the supreme council."

"In fact their collapse was complete," said this writer.

"The most serious part of the result is that the allies, in submitting the upper Silesian issue to the league of nations again exclude America from their discussions after welcoming her entrance into allied councils with expressions of joy," said the Journal.

In diplomatic quarters the prediction was made that the supreme council will never meet again and that in the future business of such international importance as the upper Silesian dispute would be handled by the league. Under such circumstances America would be shut out completely from allied councils.

U. S. Remains Silent.

George Harvey, American ambassador to Great Britain and representative of the United States at the meeting of the supreme council, did not take any position relative to referring the Silesian question to the league, says a French official. It was asserted his opinion was not asked and was not proffered.

It was learned that Premier Briand proposed to Mr. Lloyd George that the United States be asked to arbitrate the Silesian controversy, but this proposal was abandoned in favor of the British premier's suggestion that the matter be left to the league.

Both sides agree that real difficulties exist in the division of the industrial area of Silesia, every part of which is inter-dependent and closely related with every other part by systems of electrification, waterworks, light, railways and steel and coke works. Almost any line would separate many thousands of workmen from their place of employment, and it is foreseen that to set up frontier barriers through the region would cause immense embarrassments to the various industries and production.

Ambassador Harvey told the council that the United States government had thought from the beginning that the Upper Silesian question was purely a European one, and as it now was to be referred to the league of nations in which the United States was not represented, he thought he would be interpreting the view of his government by not participating in the decision to refer the question to the league.

NO WOMAN IS STRONGER THAN HER NERVES

No electric power station is stronger than the amount of electricity stored therein. Your brain and nervous system consists of countless millions of cells. In these cells is stored a mighty mysterious energy called "nerve force" on which all thought, force, energy and even life itself must depend.

If you overtax your nerves by worry, overwork, too much excitement, grief or constant nervous strain, and thereby use up your nerve force or nerve-vital fluid faster than it is made, you are bound in time to become a nervous wreck with all its terrible tortures and sufferings.

In such cases, avoid more stimulating medicines and narcotic drugs. What you need is something to put more nerve force into your weak, devitalized nerve cells. This is most effectively accomplished by the free use of Nuxated Iron, as it not only contains organic iron to enrich your blood, but it also contains the principal chemical constituent of active living nerve force, so that it may be said to be both a blood and a nerve food. It often increases the strength, vigor and endurance of weak, tired, nervous, worn out women in two weeks' time. Satisfactory results are guaranteed to every purchaser or the manufacturers will refund your money. Nuxated Iron for the blood and nerves is sold by all druggists.

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This treatment was originated and founded by Catarrh Specialist SPROULE who has been in the business of saving noses and throats for 30 odd years. He and his associates are now extending to the readers of Toledo Weekly Blade a helping hand in the shape of a free 4-day treatment for Nasal Catarrh.

Write for it today and see if the treatment may not be the one to save YOUR nose from its unwholesome trouble.

All you have to do is to write a note or drop a post card to Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston. Just ask for the FREE Catarrh Treatment. As soon as the mail can bring it, you will receive a box of treatment which has proven itself a nose-saving Method in so many different cases.

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR NOSE! Don't allow it to make you sick because you will not bother to try something new or different. Don't allow that Nasal Catarrh to get the better of you without an attempt to rid your nose and throat of such a disease.

Write right now. See the treatment and then decide for yourself as to its nose-saving qualities. Remember that by this Method, many and many a sickly diseased nose has been given back to its owner, made new as it were. Try the Method for yourself. Won't cost you but two cents for a letter or one for a postcard. It's a small sum to risk for what may be so great a gain. Write today for your free treatment to save your nose!

Write Catarrh Specialist Sproule,
43 Trade Building, Boston.

President Has Stepmother

This is how Dr. George T. Harding, 77, father of President Harding, looked when he posed for the Blade last week after being married at Monroe, Mich., to Miss Alice Severns, 52, his office assistant. Wishing to avoid publicity the aged physician slipped out of Marion after announcing that he was going to Detroit to attend a medical conference. His bride followed later and met him at the home of friends in Detroit.

From there the party went to Windsor, Canada, but were refused a license because they were not residents of the dominion. Then they motored to Monroe where a Presbyterian clergyman tied the knot. When the couple reached Toledo on their way home they were besieged by reporters. Dr. Harding denied that he was married at first, but acknowledged the fact when he arrived in Marion.

AMERICAN AVIATOR TO PHOTOGRAPH MEXICO

According to information received in Los Angeles "Bob" Connell, son of Captain C. T. Connell, federal labor conciliator, has obtained a contract from President Obregon of Mexico to photograph important points in Mexico from the sky.

An American pilot will likely be used on the flights, it is reported, but a Mexican army observer is expected to be in the machine at all times.

The contract will include the photographing of railroad lines, harbors, highways and unexplored timber and railroad lines. One of the features Connell expects to photograph will be the crater of Mount Popocatepetl, long believed to be an extinct volcano, but which the young photographer says is "enjoying a smoke."

GERMANS CHARGE CHICAGOAN TRIED TO BUY DYE SECRETS

A Frankfort dispatch to the Boersen Zeitung says Dr. Nathan Van Stone, a Chicago chemist, has been sentenced to four months imprisonment by the criminal court there on a charge of attempting to bribe a chemist in the employ of an aniline concern at Ludwigshafen into betraying factory patent secrets.

DEMOCRATS FLAY TREATY SECRECY

Inquisitor Seeks to Take Shroud Off German Pact Program in Senate.

The predicted eruption in the senate over the secrecy attending the negotiations of the new treaty with Germany broke out last week.

Senator Harrison of Mississippi, inquisitor-in-chief on the Democratic side, provoked hostilities by reading newspaper articles to the effect that the senate was completely in the dark concerning the negotiations with Germany. He proceeded then to address a series of questions to Senator Lodge, Senator Johnson and other Republican senators, and succeeded in drawing them into a spirited debate covering many phases of the international situation.

Senator Harrison charged that the proceedings in regard to the German treaty were being veiled with greater secrecy than the negotiations at Paris for which the Republicans criticized President Wilson. A long wrangle, enlivened by wordy exchanges between Senator Harrison and Senator Lodge, ensued over the extent to which the senate had been informed about the negotiation of the Versailles treaty. Senator Harrison repeatedly appealed to Senator Lodge to inform the senate what was being done concerning the German treaty.

"I am not engaged in negotiating the treaty," Senator Lodge replied tartly. "If the senator would read the newspapers he would know that negotiations are under way."

Senator Johnson vigorously defended his right to be curious and ask questions about the negotiations with Germany, without giving offense to the administration. He insisted that he would not permit himself to be drawn into a position of hostility to the President.

"I am very much interested in our international relations and I have a very curious mind," said Senator Johnson. "I would like to know about the treaty being negotiated between this country and Germany, if such a treaty is being negotiated. I do not claim that I have a right to know, but I will inquire about it whenever I can for information in order that I may be fully advised and act subsequently as I believe I should."

It was made evident in the course of the debate that the large majority of the "irreconcilables" are so well pleased with the administration's action in undertaking separate negotiations with Germany that they will be satisfied for a time to refrain from serious complaint of the President's failure to keep them informed of developments. They regard the negotiation of a separate treaty with Germany as final, convincing evidence that the administration had no thought of reviving any part of the Versailles pact.

HIDES NEARLY WORTHLESS, BUT SHOE LEATHER IS PRICELESS

Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once. See what becomes of his hides!

Garland Morris of Virginia sent a 14-lb. hide to a hide and fur establishment in Richmond, was allowed four cents a pound for it, total 56 cents. From this amount 40 cents was deducted for express and the remaining 16 cents was forwarded to him in postage stamps. Sixteen cents for skinning the animal, packing and shipping the hide.

W. A. Sewright of South Dakota shipped a 50-lb. hide to a hide-buying firm in Omaha, was paid six cents a pound on 34 pounds, total $2.04. There was deducted for freight and cartage the sum of $2 leaving him four cents as the net amount for his hide and labor.

H. M. Scott of North Dakota shipped a cowhide to Minot, North Dakota, and after the freight charges were deducted he received a net return of three cents.

J. W. Patton of Missouri sold a hide at five cents a pound. The hide weighed 46 pounds and brought $2.30. On the same day Mr. Patton had his shoes half-soled, the leather weighing perhaps a pound, and paid $1.40 for the job.

But C. D. Helms of North Dakota deserves the prize. He sent a 31-lb. hide to the Watertown Hide & Fur Co. He was allowed four cents a pound for the hide but the freight charges were $2.09 and the hide company sent Mr. Helms a bill for 85 cents for sending them the hide. And let's see, how much are shoes now?

In the year 1919 the profits of a large hide and fur company were 265 percent higher than those of 1914. The accumulated profits of another large leather company were over seven million dollars in 1914 and in 1919 they rose to more than 30 million. A large shoe factory in York state made over two million dollars profit in 1915 while the profits in 1919 rose to more than nine million dollars. And they say the high cost of shoes and other wearing apparel is due to high labor.

There are many other instances which might be cited where a small piece of leather like a tractor fan belt cost more than a whole cowhide, but what can be done. It's a skin game and since the farmer is helpless as an individual it should give him more determination to stand by and back of his bona fide farmer organizations which are trying to alleviate his sufferings—for mental pangs they surely are.—W. L. Leffler, Seneca, O., in Ohio Farmer.

SHANGHAI MERCHANTS PROTEST RICE CURB

Vigorous protest is voiced by Chinese dealers in Shanghai against a measure taken by the municipal authorities to check profiteering in foodstuffs and to put a stop to rice hoarding.

It was required that all vendors of rice obtain licenses and dealers were notified they must also keep accurate record, open to inspection, of all stocks on hand.

Dealers contend that the regulations have the effect of reducing sales, as customers are made fearful by visits of the police to business establishments.

WARNS WORLD AGAINST ASIA

Traveler Sees Far East 900,000,000 Strong at White Man's Door.

A. F. Legendre, a French writer on Chinese and Asiatic subjects gained from 25 years of travel and observation in the Far East, warns the world in his latest work that "Asia is at the white man's doors, 900,000,000 strong." The biggest cloud on the horizon of the future, he says, is the "yellow peril."

The white race, Dr. Legendre says, "lost face," as the Oriental puts it, when Japan defeated Russia. During the Great war, he writes, Japan multiplied her resources and saved her strength while Europe lost 20,000,000 men and today suffers depressing, intellectual, moral and economic debility. Great Britain, the author holds, erred in supporting Japan through her "marriage of reason" with the Pacific empire, an alliance "now proving so embarrassing."

Sees Trade Invasion.

"Imperialistic Germanism and Sovietism now are a union," he adds, in expounding his theory that Japanese and German expansion, each toward the other, threaten to bridge the old Russian bulwark against Asiatic invasion of Europe and call for prompt action by the white man to save himself from the domination he sees impending in the steadily increasing crystallization of "Asia for the Asiatics" sentiment, particularly among the Mussulmans. Russia, he says, cannot save herself; she must be helped with a new brand of statesmanship.

Detailed studies of Asiatic economic resources are given by Dr. Legendre to support his assertion that the yellow race may become sellers instead of buyers unless the white race devlops its commerce in every way and seeks to produce cheaply, anticipating Asiatic competition by establishing factories in Asia and by increasing production in all of Europe's colonies.

Exports Take Climb.

Among many illustrations of Asiatic resources, the author cites Siberian exports of butter that went from 36,000,000 pounds in 1900 to 100,000,000 pounds in 1913 and much of which was sold as "Danish" butter.

Formidable and imminent as the author deems Asiatic competition he nevertheless concedes to the white race superior working ability and greater leadership. "It must at last be realized, however," he says, "that hereafter it is Asia face to face with Europe.

"Pan-Asianism is a reality," he concludes, "and the peace conference ingenuously did all it could to favor it, particularly on the Shantung question. This 'error,'" Dr. Legendre says, "the United States, the only champions of China, saw and from now on America will raise herself against any show of political immorality or spoliation."

Starving Children Roam Over Famine District in Russia

Three hundred thousand Russian children lost from their parents and blighted by disease and starvation are wandering about the famine zone attempting to make their way to safety, according to a dispatch from Helsingfors.

In the Saratov district of Russia, in the heart of the black starvation zone, parents are drowning their children in large numbers rather than see them suffer the slow torture of death from starvation.

The Society of Friends, which is doing valiant relief work in Russia, reports that the hordes of hunger-stricken sufferers are fleeing toward Poland faster than the Red Cross doctors and other relief workers can disinfect them. It is feared that they will carry the germs of an epidemic into middle Russia.

One instance cited was the Baranowice camp, which has a capacity of only 4,000 souls, but 25,000 are arriving weekly. The fugitives are sleeping in fields and eating whatever they can pick up. They are penniless and half clothed and most of them are filthy owing to the absence of bathing facilities. Many are afflicted with scurvy. Many are so weak from disease and hunger they cannot walk. All report conditions in the famine district too appalling for description.

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A HOT day is just one of the incidents of life that recalls the legend: "Drink Coca-Cola, Delicious and Refreshing."
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AMERICANS PAY WAY ACROSS RUSSIA WITH PINS, NEEDLES, SOAP

Charles R. Crane, former United States minister to China, arrived in Riga recently from Reval after completing a 7,000-mile journey from Peking which took him across Siberia and soviet Russia. Mr. Crane, who was accompanied by four Americans and a Chinese cook, refused to discuss the Russian situation until he had an opportunity to confer with Captain Evan E. Young, representative of the American state department and Walter L. Brown, European director of the American relief administration. Those who accompanied Mr. Crane were his son, John Crane, Donald M. Brodie, Mr. Crane's secretary; Morgan Palmer of Plattsburgh, N. Y., long in the service of the Chinese railways; Paul M. Dutko, formerly in the United States consular service at Harbin, and Li Shi-Ching, a smiling Chinese.

Mr. Crane told the story of his trip to a crowd of American reporters waiting at the station to greet him. The party left the Chinese capital June 16, and from that time until Aug. 6, when it left Petrograd for Reval, it traveled under a special permit from Nikolai Lenine, Russian Bolshevik premier. The Americans had an opportunity to observe fully the comedy and tragedy of the everyday life of the Russian people, and were given a greater chance to inspect conditions than has been granted any American since the outbreak of the Rusisan revolution in 1917.

Mr. Crane filled a car with packages of pins, needles, tooth brushes, soap and other merchandise, which he planned to use in paying his way in lieu of money. His stock, however, dwindled to a few cases at Chita, the capital of the Far Eastern republic. Mr. Crane believed he would not be allowed to proceed through Siberia, and gave away most of his supplies. He had, in fact, turned back toward Peking, but was overtaken on his return journey by a message giving him permission to cross Siberia and Russia.

Spends 100,000,000 Rubles.

The Americans once more turned their faces to the northwestward, and left Chita for Moscow July 2, arriving at their destination July 27. They stopped at Irkutsk, Novo Nikolaivsk, Ekaterinburg and other prominent towns in Siberia. During the journey Mr. Crane spent about 100,000,000 soviet rubles, or about $3,000, besides giving away the remainder of his stock of small merchandise.

As the train would halt here and there along the trans-Siberian railway, the Americans would get out of their special sleeping car to play baseball or swim in nearby streams. Before their train had left the far eastern republic, it was attached to a hospital train carrying soldiers who had been wounded in fighting against the forces commanded by General Haron Michael Ungen-Sternberg, leader of Anti-Bolsheviki troops there. The wounded men declared that the anti-Bolsheviki had been beaten badly. When the train reached Moscow the Americans did not leave their car for a hotel. During the eight days they stayed at the soviet capital they had no trouble in getting good food Two days were spent in Petrograd.

ANTI-CHILDREN LANDLORDS OBJECT OF CAMPAIGN

Heralded as a unique crusader, Mrs. Fern Isabel Croly of Los Angeles, an attractive young war widow, has started what she hopes will ultimately become a nation-wide campaign to force landlords to drop a hostile anti-children attitude.

Claiming to have been denied admittance to practically every apartment house in Los Angeles because of her beautiful daughters—Dorothy, aged 7, and Irene, aged 9—Mrs. Croly has entered upon what she terms a "war widows' fight."

"I gave my husband for the good of the world. Now the landlords refuse admittance to me because of my two children, whose father died fighting to secure peace and comfort for these very landlords," declared Mrs. Croly.

She asserted further that women with children are practically barred from all property in Los Angeles, "No children" being the sign which welcomes mothers from many houses and apartments.

LOWER PRODUCE PRICES LIKELY

White House Thinks New Railroad Rates Will Bring Cuts in Costs.

Strong hope for better prices in the agricultural markets is justified by reductions in the railroad rates on grain for export, already in effect and proposed, says a statement issued at the White House.

Recent reductions in the export rate on grains between Chicago and New York, the statement said, will be followed by sweeping revisions of grain rates generally, including those from Mississippi river points and on the lines to the Gulf, in order that the entire agricultural interest may share fully in the benefits.

"In general," the statement continues, "advances in freight costs are passed on to the consumer by adding them to the selling price. But in grains, whose domestic price is dominated by the foreign price of the exported surplus, the producer suffers when rates go up and benefits when they go down. Therefore, though the exports represent a minor share of the total grain production, the lowering of export rates affects the entire crop.

"These reductions of rates, together with the arrangements for financial assistance to export trade and the assurance that Europe is going to need extraordinary quantities of American foodstuffs, constitute altogether a justification for strong hope that the tendency in the agricultural markets will for some time be decidedly toward better prices."

Reductions of transportation rates on grain for export was described as one of the most important measures the administration has initiated for the relief of agriculture and of general industrial conditions." The reductions, it was explained, were insisted upon by Secretary Hoover, as a concession to the agricultural interest when, on behalf of President Harding, he negotiated with the carriers the basis for settlement of their claims against the government, growing out of federal control.

Mrs. F. W. Wise Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples On Head

"My head was full of pimples and they were even down on my forehead. They itched and burned and I scratched them and large scales formed. My head would at times itch till I could not sleep at night, and my hair became lifeless and broke off.

"I tried several remedies without success. I decided to try a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and later bought more. When I had used them about six months I was entirely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Floyd W. Wise, R. 1, Shepard, Ohio.

Cuticura Soap daily and Cuticura Ointment occasionally, prevent pimples or other eruptions. They are a pleasure to use as is also Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance for perfuming the skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

LESS WHISKY WITHDRAWN FROM BONDED WAREHOUSES

Withdrawals of whisky from bonded warehouses during the first six months of this year fell off by more than 3,500,000 gallons compared with the same period last year, records made public by the internal revenue bureau show. From January 1 to June, 1920 the records show 5,170,598 gallons of whisky were withdrawn as against 1,487,306 gallons during the corresponding period of this year.

A decrease of $14,312,519 in the sales of stamps for non-beverage spirits also was shown during the first six months of this year. Stamp sales for the first half of the year aggregated $2,916,480 as compared with $42,228,999 during the first half of 1920.

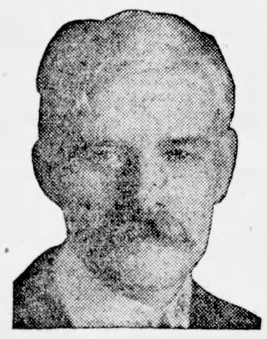
Seaplane to Carry Mail

A contract covering delivery of mails by seaplane between Seattle, Wash., and Vancouver, B. C., has been signed with a Seattle aviator, the postoffice department has announced. Compensation was fixed at $200 per round trip. A schedule not exceeding 10 such trips monthly will be arranged to connect with incoming and outgoing steamers.

Big Money

The records below show how men and women have made a success of this splendid work. I offer you, now, a special proposition that will enable you to get started without investing a penny and without a bit of delay. Read the records and then mail the coupon.

Howard Davis of Ohio has made a start by earning $285 a month during his spare time.



Andrew B. Spencer, of Pennsylvania, is an insurance man who represents us in spare time. We paid him $625 for one month's spare time.

Miss Mary McCoy of Georgia is a school teacher who uses her spare time as our representative. Her profit for one month was $232.39.

Do You Want $200 a Week?

The Amazing Story of Carl A. Rowe and How His Income Jumped from $200 to $1,000 a Month

My name is Rome—Carl Rowe. I live in a small city in New York State.

I am going to tell you an amazing story about myself. It may seem too strange to believe, but you can easily verify everything I have to say.

Two years ago I was a baker. I was struggling along, trying to make the money in my pay envelope meet the increasing expenses of our family. There was no prospect for the future.

Today, just two years later, I am a successful business man. I have plenty of money for all the things we need and want. Last month I made $876 during my spare time, and was able to put $200 a week in my savings account.

And I'm going to tell you how it happened.

Please remember that two years ago I had no surplus cash. I was in the same fix as nine out of ten other men. Expenses were constantly mounting, and my salary, although it had increased, could not keep pace with the cost of living. My wife had to do without things that I knew she ought to have. We wanted an automobile, but we couldn't afford it. We wanted to buy our own home, but couldn't afford that.

It made me almost desperate to think of what might happen if I became sick or lost my job. I worried about it, and so did my wife. We were living from hand to mouth, and we didn't know what calamity and hardship might be lurking just around the corner.

And yet—today—I own our nine-room house. I have an automobile. I have money for books, the theater, or any other pleasures that I may want. I have the cash today to educate my son and send him through college.

Here is how it happened. One day in glancing through a magazine I read an advertisement. The advertisement said that any man could make from a hundred to three hundred dollars a month during his spare time.

I didn't believe it. I knew that I worked hard eight hours a day for $50.00 a week, and I figured that no man could make that much during a couple of hours a day spare time.

But as I read that ad I found that it pointed to men who had made that much and more. In the last paragraph the advertiser

offered to send a book without cost. I still doubted. But I thought it was worth a two-cent stamp, so I tore out the coupon and put it in my pocket, and the next day on my way home from work I mailed it.

When I look back to that day and realize how close I came to passing up that ad, it sends cold chills down my spine. If the book had cost me a thousand dollars instead of a two-cent stamp, it would still have been cheap. All that I have today—an automobile, my home, an established business, a contented family—all these are due to the things I learned by reading that little eight-page booklet.

There is no secret to my success. I have succeeded beyond any dream I may have had three years ago, and I consider myself an average man. I believe that I would be criminally selfish if I did not tell other people how I made my success.

All the work I have done has been pleasant and easy, and withal amazingly simple. I am the representative in this territory for a rain-coat manufacturer. The booklet that I read was one issued by that company. It tells any man or woman just what it told me. It offers to anyone the same opportunity that was offered to me. It will give to anyone the same success that it has brought to me.

The Comer Manufacturing Company are one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade rain coats in America; but they do not sell through stores. They sell their coats through local representatives. The local representative does not have to buy a stock—he does not have to invest any money. All he does is take orders from Comer customers and he gets his profit the same day the order is taken. Fully half of my customers come to my house to give me their orders.

My business is growing bigger every month. I don't know how great it will grow, but there are very few business men in this city whose net profit is greater than mine, and I can see only unlimited opportunity in the future.

* * * *

If you are interested in increasing your income from $100 to $1,000 a month and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to this same proposition in your territory, write at once to The Comer Manufacturing Company, Dayton, Ohio. This is their special offer. They will send you, without any preliminary correspondence or red tape, a complete selling outfit with full instructions, samples, style book, order book and everything you need to get started. Sign and mail the coupon now and in less than a week you can be making more money than you ever believed possible.

Mail This Coupon at Once

The Comer Mfg. Co.,
Dept. N-27, Dayton, Ohio

I am ready to start as a Comer representative if you can show me how I can make from $50 to $200 a week. Please send me, without any expense or obligation to me, complete outfit and instructions.

Name .....

Address .....

NOTICE!

The Comer Manufacturing Company is the largest business of its kind in the world. Any man who becomes a representative is assured of fair, square, honest treatment and will have reason to be proud of his connection with the company.